The Living Age

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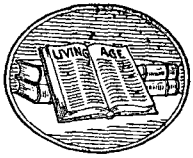
From Beginning



Vol. 15
Eighth Series

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THE HERITAGE OF ARMAGEDDON

BY J. L. GARVIN

ARMAGEDDON has passed, but its burdens remain as the formidable heritage of all this generation. Everywhere the economic factor is supreme. Nowhere on this side of the Atlantic is there yet to be seen a clear solution of the problems of debts and trade, wages and employment. Even in our own country, favorably placed by comparison with most others, the easy hopes entertained after the armistice have been falsified. Industry is slow in restarting, enterprise hesitates, conditions at home and abroad are uncertain. Merely from a solid business point of view the higher argument of these articles is already justified. If there is to be anything like full recovery in the next decade — much less the triumphant upswing of production and profit so ardently dreamed — statesmanship will have to be guided by influences very different from those of vindictive chauvinism and visionary cupidity.

When even in Great Britain a large part of the population is living on direct state doles in lieu of wages; when there are a million unemployed; when irritation has led to passing collision between the demobilized unemployed and the police — we may faintly imagine what is the worse state of stagnation or chaos elsewhere, and especially in Central Europe.

Now, one truth is as familiar as any in the experience of commerce. Stoppage of workshops and depression of markets in any large and dense area of manufacturing civilization tends to lower the level of universal welfare. When demand is reduced in any one great country employment and wages are adversely affected in others. We say, and rightly — though those who say it most loudly seldom perceive its true bearing on the conditions of peace and on the proper mechanism of a new system — that what we need is more production. We need it above all for every financial, industrial, and wage-paying purpose. But while the average of the world's consuming power remains low, whether that average is depressed by the state of Central Europe or from any other cause, the development of production and prosperity must be restrained in our own country. More than any other country whatever it is sensitive to world conditions.

The world must get to work as fully

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as it can, as soon as it can. It can only recover by the largest possible volume of exchanges on the widest possible basis. That means a more definite co-operation between peoples than has yet been seen. It means more of reasoned combination and less of blind competition. Whether for good in some early respects or afterwards for increasing social and international evil — culminating in the war of wars, the slaughter of millions, and the devastation of the earth — competition was the dynamic word of the nineteenth century. Combination and the raising of organized human effort to a higher power in all directions — that is going to be the immutable law of the twentieth century. It must be so unless the ruin and waste of returning conflicts waged by far more shattering, subtle, and malignant agents of destruction are going to threaten sooner or later the irrecoverable relapse of Europe into barbarism.

That and nothing less is the broad significance of the choice before us. It is the choice between a settled reconciling, creative peace-system in the world, and methods as false as forced, which would make attempted domination and exploitation by one group for fifteen or thirty years the cause of perpetuated antagonisms and of general impoverishment. From this point of view let us hammer the common sense of it right out on the anvil. Economics, then, rather than politics, are the quintessence of a sound peace. Right economics wherever they are applied by domestic statesmanship, or by the dictatorship of the Big Four, must be creative or nothing. In that respect the proceedings of the Paris Conference from beginning to end have been fundamentally defective, and in a large part mistaken.

Derisive and humane genius surveying with pity and laughter the present state of mankind and some of the obsolete means adopted at Paris to remedy it, might do most good by another satire like Rabelais, Gulliver, or Candide. But let us put from us here the temptation to conjure up vistas of the grotesque. Let us pursue these plain studies in common sense. A treaty even when signed is paper. It is in itself inoperative without the action or control of living forces which it seeks to express or repress. Treaties not drawn against sound and certain assets may be dishonored in the sequel like bad checks or bills. You do not get peace merely by putting it on paper. And much more to the point, all that is called peace does not necessarily spell prosperity any more than all that glitters is gold. You can 'make a solitude and call it peace.' The quiescence of death or stupefaction resembles a kind of peace. You can prolong relative stagnation and depression and yet say that it is peace. But that would not be the reconciling and lasting, the constructive and the creative peace, as it was visioned by the Allied peoples in their greatest moments of inspiration and insight during the war. For that higher and wiser thing we lavished our pent-up energies and the accumulated treasure of a hundred years, and sent so many of our best to die.

We want to show the simple truth of an apparently enormous paradox — that the apostles of super-indemnities, supposed to be secured by the indefinite continuance of militarism and armaments, would bring about the very reverse of what so many of them sincerely intend. They would not only keep back the recovery of mankind in general. They would work particular ruin for our own country. Their methods and principles would destroy in another ten years what remains of our shipping supremacy. They would ruin

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our leading position in the export of manufacture, and London's historic place as the world's financial centre. Nothing is more certain than this. Before the war we were accustomed to call peace the greatest of British interests; and it was. The real peace is now the greatest of British interests as never before. As we are situated we have one absolute material need. We need every single market to which we can win entrance; and then, the more prosperous that market is the better.

We are no longer in a position to throw away opportunities which other countries are ready and alert to pick up. One of these countries is already far wealthier than ourselves, and has been strengthened in every way by the war instead of being weakened by it. The United States, waxed mightily rich, is a great creditor nation now instead of a debtor country. It is sure of a magnificent haul of fresh shipping in the shape of the interned German vessels. It is organizing its export power, forming new financial and industrial combinations for that purpose, and is changing its Trust Laws to facilitate the process. By all the ironies, it was the British navy, in course of saving the world, which drove that German shipping beautifully into the arms of its American receivers. Let us be quite certain of this, that if we do not trade and carry with Central Europe, as well as with the rest of civilization, the United States will do those things in our stead, and will do them for good.

Let us awaken to the fact that super-indemnities of which this country would get only a minor part in gradual driblets, if at all, are nothing by comparison with the new big issues concerning the whole foundation of our maritime, commercial, and financial position. Note one very illuminating fact. While we maintain our sea blockade, France already — and no reproach to her, for it was inevitable — has been trading with Germany through Alsace-Lorraine. That is one of the conditions on which the prosperity of Alsace-Lorraine depends. Similar results must follow from the transfer of the Saar Valley and from the character of the situation on the left bank of the Rhine. It is absolutely certain that France must seek, harder than she has ever done, to trade with Germany, and, through Germany, with Central Europe in general. What is our own country thinking in these circumstances? What is it dreaming? It is bemused.

And yet the *Observer*, which has kept its attention from beginning to end on these concrete things, is sometimes accused of being merely idealistic by people who have not grasped the very elements of economic knowledge and practice, but whose methods would cut with a gilt-handled razor the throat of our own maritime and commercial prospects. It is bad that we have been subject, like other Allied countries, to a wave of unseeing passion since the armistice. It is very particularly bad for our own country that we have been temporarily overflowed by a sheer dark deluge of ignorance.

What coherent view of our situation and our future is in the minds of the apostles of super-indemnities preaching blue ruin for the enemy combined with Pactolian payments, it is not easy to envisage. They seem to conceive Britain as a camel, living chiefly on the fat of its own diminished hump. Yet at every breath they contradict themselves. In their own despite they are forced to see what we see, though they do not thresh out the consequences. Follow up, link by link, the chain of reasoning. It will be seen in a moment that we cannot recover by

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isolated efforts as a people, but only in coöperation with as many countries as we can get to trade with us. We must have heavy imports. For our imports we must pay. Some of our former means of payment are permanently forfeited. Our foreign investments, built up for a century, are mainly dissipated. The interest on them is no longer available to cover purchases abroad.

The change in our shipping position is one of the deepest injuries suffered by any country in the war. The earnings of our tonnage cannot cover imports and balance exchange to the extent enjoyed before the war. At any price, therefore, we must export more and much more. We must pay for our imports by our manufactured goods and by our coal and by developing for our shipping every new possibility of carriage. But the purpose of every other nation, without exception, is fixed on the very same thing — export, export, export. How are we to do it? Whither? Not by throwing away any chances whatever — for our margin is too much narrowed — but by seizing every one. We have not begun to realize the severity of our task in the epoch of work which lies before us. It will test, as much as the war itself did, everything that is indomitable in our fibre and resourceful in our capacity.

The United States, with its own shipping and better able than any other country to give long credits, actually possesses that largely increased production to which we aspire. America will strain every nerve to keep up by trade in civil commodities the war level of her exports. This in order the war level of wages and employment may be maintained and industrial conflicts avoided or mitigated. The United States is equipped far better than before the war to be a competitor with us in all Europe, as in Canada, South America, and the Far East. Undoubtedly a special object in America is to do large trade, as conditions gradually revive, with Germany and Central Europe as a whole, as well as with Russia. Trade of that kind involves the development of American shipping. If our jumping Jingoes will give just a little thought to what that means, they will begin to grasp the rudiments of our own economic problem in peace.

But for reasons different from the American, the European countries, on a high level of manufacturing capacity, equally want to export. Our own need, as we have shown, is the most urgent of all. Our industrial democracy lives not on the soil of this island but on the soil of the world and on the traffic of the seas; while fresh means of paying for our indispensable imports must be substituted for former assets no longer available. France, which hates direct taxation almost more than death, and would not face the knife-edge of financial necessity during the war, is now in a position of desperate urgency and wants export at any price. But with the Saar coalpits, the Briey iron fields, and the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine ten times better industrially organized than in 1871,— and we may add with the development of factories for munition-making,— France is better placed for some kinds of supply than she has been for many years. Turn to Germany and it is the same tale. If Germany is to pay any considerable indemnities, that country must have large imports — relatively larger than ever owing to the enormous loss of former home resources — and by consequence must sell abroad. In one hotel at Cologne the other day there were over forty commercial travelers seeking to renew trade with the late enemy. Some thirty of those travelers

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were French, ten or a dozen were American, and only three or four were British. That alone is a very interesting ray of side-light.

To what focus, then, does all this come? What is the moral for British policy? The answer is easy, for the moral is quite unmistakable. If we are to hold our own — if we are to assure anything like our former relative position before we talk of improving it — we cannot do without the great market of Central Europe, with its hundred millions of people. Those who would ignore and boycott that field would throw away an asset possibly decisive, and would turn the balance of world-conditions against ourselves. Now that the increase in American competitive capacity has more than replaced any weakening in German, in no part of the world shall we get easily into a better trading and maritime position than before the war. We shall have to fight for all we are worth to keep as good a position. Probably our biggest chances in the next five years will be presented by the huge demands for reëquipment throughout Europe itself. The Germans, by all the conditions of the treaty, are compelled to concentrate as they have never done on trade with Russia and with Eastern and Southeastern Europe generally. It must be remembered that Germany, owing to the nature of the communications, is the key to large areas around it and beyond it. The population of Central Europe before the war was not only very large, but its consuming power, head for head, was, on the whole, much heavier than that of the Latin countries.

We thus come to big considerations which economic chauvinism shrieking for super-indemnities has shown not the slightest sign of thinking out. If we do not sell to Central Europe we abandon that market to America and France. We abandon it with all the shipping implications involved as well as the manufacturing demand. We throw away the future possibilities of commercial and maritime intercourse with a sixth part of the whole white race. We directly forward, and indeed assure, American exporting supremacy and shipping progress to our own needless detriment. That is an impossible because a suicidal proposition. It has only to be named to be rejected. Nevertheless, if we sell to the late main enemy and through Germany to Central Europe generally, we must buy from them, too. There is no escape from the remorseless practical logic of this exposition. It is a situation where vindictive chauvinism preaching a blind boycott is by no means the patriotic realism it intends to be, but sheer suicide by the promotion of foreign exports and shipping at the expense of our own.

It is not possible to over-estimate the importance of an immediate national awakening to the fundamental significance of these facts. As has been said before we must draw a line between past and future. We must start fresh without regard to the passions and prejudices of the war. Otherwise we shall find ourselves, before we are aware, cut out of a good deal by allies and associates. They are not troubled by our sentiment in these matters — even though France may be more passionate in other respects — and they pay us the compliment of not slumbering while we doze.

In the general interest, and in the interest of Britain perhaps more than any other country, we must seek with our whole energy to restore as soon as possible normal trade relations throughout the world. For our shipping and our manufactured exports alike we must make the very best use of every opening we can secure. We

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must remember that other nations will meet us in every port and market, and that to the full they will utilize Central Europe if we do not. We will not labor the obvious by further demonstration. The thing is sun-clear.

Let us sum up the practical conclusions. Not only can British shipping not do without the Baltic, but it cannot ignore Hamburg or Bremen any more than Rotterdam or Antwerp. Any freights which we may think of neglecting, at a time when our changed maritime position enjoins that we should neglect nothing, will be picked up nimbly before we know. But it is precisely the same with trade in general. It is no use to talk of increasing and even doubling our home production unless we find sale abroad in far larger measure. If we are to develop our exports to anything like the degree our financial situation dictates we must make the most of every possible chance, no matter where it presents itself. We must realize that unless we make use of every opportunity in Central Europe as well as elsewhere, the total volume of our transactions must be less, the trade of keen competitors must be increased at our expense, and the balance must turn altogether and finally against us. There is certain to be more trade and more shipping connections between America and Germany the more we abstain from similar intercourse. That is a quite vital factor in the case.

We will try to leave clearly on the minds of our readers the chief conception that his argument implies. To all economic chauvinism it is ruthlessly destructive. Even the Jingoes of trade want to export. But if they sell they must buy. If they won't buy from a hundred millions of people — not only Germany proper, but the neighboring countries which must continue as before to be largely supplied from overseas through German connections and agencies — then they cannot sell to that hundred millions of people. They must leave to others that area which has been hitherto one of the main markets of the world; and this country must take the consequences.

It is folly, it is even imbecile to suppose that economic ruin and depression in Central Europe can be any benefit to us. The contrary is the case. For what would follow from our automatic prevention of our own exports in that direction with our refusal to import from it? We should lose even more of the super-indemnities — which we shall cease in any event long before 1950 to get by installments — and we would lose the trade and carrying services, too. We would be hit both ways. And this is the mildest supposition. It assumes that our associates would follow our suicidal example, which they have not the least mind to do.

Let us quit the fools' paradise in which we have been dwelling. Let us begin to think of seeking our practical account in the way that will help to set business and employment going instead of prolonging the hesitation and backwardness which prevail, compelling us to pour out doles like water, because of the postponement of work. If we want the higher production, without which we can never make a full economic recovery from the war, we must have outlets for that production. No responsible mind in the present competitive circumstances will talk lightly of closing old and broad channels for trade before we are sure of new. Export, therefore, is the key of all, as we are now placed. But export by its nature implies at once dual and manifold relationships. It implies not the self-sufficiency of any one people whatever — least of all the inhabitants of these islands — but the

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restoration of normal intercourse between all peoples. There must even be a higher order of mutual service between them.

Prosperity anywhere in these circumstances will promote prosperity everywhere. If what we want is more selling power, clearly we must want the markets at which we aim to have more buying power. The more any great country recovers from the economic effects of the war, the more every other country will recover. If the economic factor is paramount, as we have shown it to be, in view of the universal weight of debts and burdens, what is required far more than ever before in the world's history is not a merely punitive and coercive peace—depressing, and, therefore, impoverishing yet more and more precarious. The imperative necessity is a coöperative and creative peace working to eliminate war by the organization of common interests between peoples in a way that would stimulate all human activity and exchange, and raise human welfare to a higher plane than was ever reached before. That is the way to recover from the war. The other way barrenness and disappointment lie. How the better purpose may be attained by a consultative and cooperative system on the economic side of the League of Nations we shall show better at another time.

The Observer

SHALL THERE BE A GERMANY IRREDENTA?

BY PROFESSOR LUDWIG QUIDDE

In the peace conditions proposed by the Entente the right of self-determination by the resident population is grossly disregarded in connection with all the territories whose status is likely to be affected. In case of the parts of Upper Silesia, Poses, and West Prussia west of the Vistula assigned to the Poles, and of the free city of Danzig and the Memel territory placed under the control of the Allies and associated Powers, and of the portion of Silesia promised to the Czechs, and of Alsace-Lorraine, the people are not permitted to vote upon their national preferences. The few cases where a popular vote is allowed constitute, upon closer examination, an insult to the principle of self-determination rather than a recognition of that principle.

In case of the district of Eupen and Malmedy, which are to go to Belgium, the inhabitants are entitled to register formally their political wishes within six months of the date when the treaty goes into force. This registration occurs before the Belgian authorities. The Belgian Government is to report the result of this inquiry to the League of Nations, which then will decide what is to be done. Accordingly, we had a public vote with the name of every voter recorded, subject to the pleasure of the local Belgian administration and without any guaranty that the result of this sort of 'an expression of popular will' is to have

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any practical result. In case of the Saar basin, which is to be placed under the administration of a commission of the League of Nations, together with some bordering territories of the Palatinate, the people are to be allowed the privilege of expressing their political wishes fifteen years later and the question is to be put in three forms: continuation of the League of Nations government, union with France, or return to Germany. This vote most miraculously is to be 'free, secret, and honest,' according to the provisions arranged by the League. The calculation is that the people will be sufficiently intimidated and docile by that date to obey any instructions given them. But even in this instance the League of Nations is to be free to determine whether it approves the result of the election or not. With all these limitations the vote has no significance if Germany should not be able, fifteen years later, to buy back the coal mines of the Saar district. Should it fail to do this the territory is to be ceded definitely to France. In other words, the wishes of the people are to have no effect. The population is treated like a herd of cattle.

For the territory of East Prussia and for the West Prussian districts east of the Nogat and the Vistula, which are given to Poland, there is to be a vote by townships. It is to be controlled by an international commission, appointed by the Allies and associated Powers, who are instructed to make the election free, just, and secret. The Great Powers are then to draw the boundaries, taking into consideration the wishes of the people, and also the geographical and economic factors. But in all cases the Poles are to have complete control of the Vistula, together with a sufficient zone along the right bank of the river. The hostile Powers are, therefore, in sole charge of the election, and assume to be an impartial judge between the Poles and the Germans. How much confidence can we have in the results?

In the case of Schleswig, the German troops and the German Government officials are to withdraw from the country. Thereupon, a free, just, and secret vote is to be taken under the control of a commission of five members, of which three are to be appointed by the hostile Powers and one each by Norway and Sweden. The land is divided into three zones. In the northern zone, which has a preponderantly Danish population, the total vote is to decide. This deprives local communities in the southern portion of the zone, who would prefer to belong to Germany, from avoiding incorporation with Denmark. In the central zone, where the Danish population is too weakly represented, and in the southern zone, where the population is entirely German, the election occurs by townships. It may, therefore, occur that overwhelming majorities in these districts are in favor of remaining in Germany, but that some townships, possibly influenced by economic and geographical conditions, will vote to join Denmark. The vote is not to occur simultaneously, but at prescribed intervals, first in the northern zone, then in the central zone, and finally in the southern zone. There is a clear intent of prejudicing the election in the southern zone by the result in the northern zone. This is playing fast and loose with the principle of self-determination. After the results of the elections have been obtained the boundaries are to be drawn, taking into consideration economic and geographical conditions. The Allies and associated Powers will prescribe the Danish boundary and an international commission of seven members, five of whom will represent the hostile gov-

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ernmen..s and one each Germany and Denmark, will actually draw the physical boundary line. Again we have the hostile Powers assuming the function of an impartial judge in a case affecting Germany and opposing interests.

The worst feature is, however, that German people in districts inhabited exclusively by Germans are called upon to vote upon their future political allegiance and at the same time may derive a great economic advantage by a change of government. The inhabitants of the districts that are separated from Germany will be obligated to pay their share of the German imperial and federal state debts as they existed on the first of August, 1914, and nothing else. Accordingly, they are freed from the great burden of our war debt, to say nothing of the frightful obligations which the peace treaty may lay upon Germany, and they are presented with the hope of being subject to the relatively light taxation of the country which they are invited to join. In case of Alsace-Lorraine, following the precedent of 1871, no debts whatever are assumed. The territories allotted to Poland assume only the old government obligations, less the sums which are to be derived from the German colonization fund. It looks as though the Saar basin, as well as Alsace-Lorraine, were to be freed from German imperial and Prussian state debts, since there is a provision that the taxes shall be only those necessary to pay the expenses of the administration of the district while under the control of the League of Nations, and consequently nothing is provided for national purposes. The treaty is eloquently silent as to what would occur fifteen years later when the question of ultimate separation from Germany is decided.

To submit the question of political allegiance to unquestioned German population in Eastern and Western Prussia, in Schleswig, in the Rhine country, Eupen and Malmedy, and in the Saar basin and the Palatinate, under the conditions that we here describe, constitutes nothing else than an attempt to purchase their repudiation of their own nationality by material advantages and to tempt them to high treason. The immorality of such proceedings crowns the insult which this treaty constitutes to the principle of self-determination.

The unscrupulous way in which the principle of the self-determination of nations is perverted in these peace conditions is only exceeded by the short-sightedness of the course taken. It is, of course, certain that wherever Germans, against their will and without an opportunity to express their opinions, are torn away from Germany and incorporated in a foreign nation, they will create a German irredenta. Such a worthless system of voting as is prescribed for other sections of the population does not afford the slightest guaranty against a similar irredenta sentiment among these also. Such a treatment of the whole question is not designed to reëstablish peace in Europe, but is maliciously calculated to make the present peace conditions the direct occasion for new wars. An unbridgeable gulf yawns between the peace conditions of the Entente and Wilson's peace programme at this point, as well as in many other points. Any man who seeks permanent peace must repudiate these conditions.

The Frankfurter Zeitung

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THE TRIAL OF THE KAISER

MR. LLOYD GEORGE went to Paris bent upon 'hanging the Kaiser' (this is the unofficial way of referring to the business by most people when they are not sitting on commissions) because he had just snatched a victory at the polls from a public blackguarded into a thoroughly un-English temper by a press which is rapidly becoming the worst in the world. The point has been carried in Paris by dint of irrelevant appeals to the crime of 1914, and opposition has been silenced whenever it has lifted its head by violent suggestions that anyone who does not want to 'hang the Kaiser' condones the violation by Germany of the treaties of 1839, and is not fully alive to the enormity of the offenses of the late German Empire. And now London is to be the seat of the trial and an initial touch of absurdity has already been given to the whole process by the decision to consign our prisoner (when we get him) to the Tower, to be guarded (presumably) by Beef-eaters. The idealists, who want to begin a new era in which international treaties shall be sacred, propose to bring it about in the first instance by reviving the fee-faw-fum traditions of an edifice which has become a museum of horrid mediæval antiquities.

From the broad international point of view, a worse fate is likely to overtake these proceedings than the ridicule which they seem ultimately bound to provoke. The English nation has not only a sense of humor, it has also, to a fault, a sense of chivalry, of the futility of punishment after victory, of compassion for anyone in misfortune (whether by his own fault or another's) which will speedily declare itself when this international tribunal gets to work.

For a real explanation of the proposal to try the Kaiser, an explanation which really covers the facts, we must look back, beyond the middle ages, to the primitive tribes studied by Sir J. G. Frazer in *The Golden Bough*. We commend the judges who will be deputed to try the Kaiser when, as is bound to happen, they are graveled for lack of precedent, to study the primitive customs which cluster round the tradition of the scapegoat. The Kaiser is to be made with all due rites and ceremonies the scapegoat of the war. The Prussian traditions and the Prussian people were the authors of the war. William of Hohenzollern was a mere straw upon the wind. He was dangerous only in the sense that any impressionable person of histrionic ability is dangerous if he is put into the midst of powerful and mischievous political and social forces. The Allied statesmen who made the peace know this so well that they have not dared, even though William II is a discredited exile, to leave the real Prussian military régime the smallest chance of recovery, even though the new Germany has become outwardly as democratic as she safely can be. The Allied statesmen do not believe that in punishing William they are really cutting off the offense of Prussia at the root. They talk only of the moral effect of the trial. That effect will, in our opinion, be disastrous. To begin with, we doubt whether the proceedings can be conducted with any sort of dignity. The days of Westminster Hall and Warren Hastings are over. The Allies who wholly failed to make the recent

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proceedings in the Hall of Mirrors dignified or impressive cannot hope to make the trial of the Kaiser anything but a fashionable spectacle. Even if they contrive to keep out the matinée hat, they will be compelled to keep in the descriptive reporter who will vulgarize every incident and describe with great particularity and his customary genius for getting things wrong every incident which strikes him as likely to appeal to the least fastidious of Lord Northcliffe's constant readers.

The practical result of the trial, in England at least, will almost certainly be twofold. A certain simple section of the public, having hung or banished the Kaiser, will consider that the quarrel between ourselves and Germany is thereby closed, and in the English fashion will be the more disposed to shake hands. A less simple section of the public, for whom hanging the Kaiser is neither here nor there, will be instinctively repelled by the whole affair and fall into a perfectly natural sympathy for Germany the victim. The worst crimes are to some extent condoned by misfortune. No surer means of raising sympathy for the new Germany could well be devised than by making a public exhibition of the calamity which has overtaken her.

The irony of the whole affair lies in making London the seat and centre of these proceedings, for in England the effect will be worse for those who are responsible than in any other European country. In assenting to such an arrangement, Mr. Lloyd George has made a mistake to which lately he has been too prone. He has assumed that the English press speaks the English mind. It is an anomaly of the English character that the English public will support a press and often acquiesce in policies and speeches which fall habitually beneath the generosity and intelligence of the average Englishman. We should have little hope of our country if we thought that half of what is said to-day in the House of Commons or a tenth of what appears in public print had the heart and mind of England behind it. Unfortunately, the English are not by nature articulate and it has become a habit with them to leave their speaking and writing to professional speakers and writers who are usually louder and more ubiquitous in proportion as they are out of touch with the genuine and unalterable English temper. For five years the English have had to fight with brutes, but they have not been brutalized. The war has brutalized our politics and our newspapers, but the destinies of England ultimately lie in the hands of the decent and chivalrous Englishmen, still to be found in every rank of the community, who will one day find a leader and someone to speak for them upon the old English level.

Meanwhile, the vulgarians are claiming the pastimes they deserve, one of which is the game shortly to be played in London, playfully described over the dinner tables as hanging the Kaiser.

The Saturday Review

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THE CHOICE: A FANTASY

BY RICHARD BUXTON

A LITTLE while ago, after a troublesome day, I went to bed and to sleep; and either Morpheus or my Subconscious Self (by kind permission of Dr. Freud, of Vienna), proceeded to enact within my sleeping brain an entirely new and original dream.

I dreamed that I was sitting at breakfast and, as is my usual custom at that meal, reading the letters from retired admirals, ex-Lord Mayors, and others which are printed by the *Times* in somewhat smaller type than the rest of the paper. I should explain that I do not find this occupation amusing. I perform it as my daily act of charity, for which, I believe, I shall be rewarded. I thought at first, indeed, in this dream of which I am telling you, that my reward had actually arrived; for I looked up suddenly to see an angel standing at my right hand. The angel said, however, with some solemnity:

'I am directed to inform you that your period of life is at an end and that you must come with me.'

I own to having been considerably surprised by this; and I remember that my hand, jarred by the sudden mental agitation, shook the teapot, which was poised over the cup, and poured a stream of tea upon the tablecloth. As I strove to mop up the flood with the blue silk handkerchief which I wear in my breast-pocket on Mondays and Thursdays (this was a Thursday), I asked the angel, with as much composure as I had at my command, to repeat what he had said.

'Time's up,' he replied, with sudden asperity; and then, with a nullification of his tone, he went on. 'Sorry if I snapped at you. But you can't imagine how tired I get when people ask me to say it again. They all do it; and yet I'm sure that I speak perfectly distinctly.'

'Do you mean at once?' I asked him, preparing to rise. But he waved me down again with a negligent though courteous gesture.

'No, no,' he said. 'There's no immediate hurry. Take your own time and by all means finish your breakfast.' I thanked him and suggested that I should have a place laid for him, which he declined. He then sat gracefully on the arm of a chair and smoked a cigarette which I gave him while I went on with my meal.

As the kidneys were grilled to a turn and as I did not know whether I should ever see any again, I made no haste and practised no abstemiousness; but when I had done the angel showed no sign of desiring to take an instant departure. He merely lolled further back into the seat of the chair and said:

'Of course, I'm taking you to Paradise first but, you know, there are certain formalities.' Here he hesitated a little and looked at me as if for help.

'I quite understand,' I said, encouragingly.

'Well,' he went on, 'your name has been on the waiting list for quite a while now, and you have been recommended by some really influential persons, but, of course, that does n't say——'

'No, no,' I murmured, heartened by even this recognition of my quality and convinced already that the formalities of which the angel spoke were not likely to trouble me.

'What I mean,' he pursued, 'is that you'd better take something with you for Peter to look at. It's his business really.'

'How do you mean, exactly?' I asked.

'Well, something to show for what

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you've done here, some indication, you understand, that you're a suitable person. You see, the membership is quite restricted and the privileges are really very extensive, so that we have to ——. You *do* understand, don't you?' he concluded appealingly.

'Of course, my dear fellow,' I said. 'It would be perfectly absurd to be offended by so reasonable a requirement. Now, let me see, what would it be best for me to take?' I pondered for some time, finger on forehead, seeking a solution to this problem. At last, the recollection flashed into my mind of a period in my early youth when I had been for a time private tutor to a young gentleman of quality. My charge had been at length safely bestowed in a very exclusive home for inebriates; and his father had written for me a generous testimonial, which, as it happened, I had never had occasion to use. I turned to my desk and began to look for this document.

'No, not that,' I muttered to myself, turning over my tailor's dossier and the correspondence about the over-draft at the bank. 'Nor that!' as I threw on one side the abominable letters of the man with whom I had that vexatious misunderstanding about the guinea-pig. 'Ah, here it is!' And from the bottom of a pigeonhole I drew the precious paper, now growing yellow with age and beginning to crack along the folds. 'This ought to do, I think,' I said to the angel, holding it up for his inspection. '"Gentlemanly appearance, uniform correctness of behavior, unfailing tact." That's the kind of thing, is n't it? And signed by a peer. A dormant title, recently revived for a soap boiler, but still a peer.'

'Well, yes,' the angel answered, slowly. 'I suppose you could take that, but — but — it's the kind of thing we should get anyway from personal references. What I really meant was something that you've actually done yourself — you know the kind of thing I mean. You must have got something that would do.'

'What kind of thing?' I asked.

'Oh, anything. You've surely done — oh, fretwork or pokerwork or — or water-color sketches or something like that?'

'Why,' I cried, rising to a sudden illumination, 'there's my poetry, of course!'

'Your poetry!' said the angel, his face brightening. 'Now, that's the very thing. I remember Peter telling me something about you, but these details do slip out of my memory so easily. I suppose — er — I suppose some of it has been printed?'

'Certainly it has,' I answered, a little hurt. 'And my last book was most favorably noticed in the *Belfast Courier*. But that settles the matter. I need n't keep you waiting any longer. I'll take my poetry.' And I took down my four volumes from the conspicuous position where they have always stood and waited for the angel to lead the way.

He showed, however, no intention of rising, but looked rather dubiously at the books which I had tucked under my arm.

'Is that what you have decided to take?' he said. 'You know, it is n't my business and you must do what you think best; but if you'll take my tip you won't show Peter as much as that. You see, he gets rather a lot of that sort of stuff given him to read and he's always been just a trifle impatient.'

Naturally, I saw his point at once. I have been a reviewer myself.

'I'll tell you what I'll do,' I said, putting three of the volumes back on the shelf. 'I'll take him only my last book. It has been generally considered a remarkable advance on any-

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thing I have done before; and I even thought myself, when I was reading the proofs, that I must be entering on quite a new period and ——'

'Yes, yes,' the angel interrupted, speaking even more hesitatingly than before, 'but even that, you know. Is n't it rather a biggish book?'

'Nearly three hundred pages,' I answered, proudly. 'I never did believe in these meagre little pamphlets in paper covers.'

'Ye-es,' said the angel. 'But, you know, really, if I were you, I'd just take up a few of the best things out of it. I've known Peter for quite a goodish while now.'

I own that I was a little taken aback; but I have always prided myself on being a sensible and not an intransigent man.

'Well, look here,' I said, 'of course you know Peter much better than I do. Would it be too much to ask you to look through this and suggest.'

'I'd do it with pleasure, old thing,' the angel answered, helping himself to a cigarette, 'but the fact is I never did like the kind of thing that Peter likes. His taste is a good deal too old-fashioned according to my notions. Only there it is. But I really should n't be of any use to you in that way. Only I'd better warn you not to show him any *vers libre*. It's like a red rag to a bull to him, poor old chap.'

'I've never written any,' I said, stiffly. 'I entirely disapprove of it.'

'That's all right,' the angel murmured. 'You go ahead and pick out what you feel most bucked about. That will be much the best way. There's no immediate hurry; but I do wish you'd give me a match.'

I gave him a match and sat down to make my selection. I found it a more difficult business than I had anticipated. I inclined strongly myself to the 'Ode of Spring' and Jones himself had praised it; but, on the other hand, Smith, whose judgment I value at least as much, though the world has not yet heard of him, had never liked it and had once or twice almost convinced me. Then there was the 'Sonnet on a Dog-fish,' which contains, I think, the finest single line I ever wrote; but it contains also that unlucky Cockney rhyme in the sextet, which I never could get rid of and which would very likely offend Peter's susceptibilities beyond repair. I turned the pages backward and forward, growing more and more perplexed; and the morning drifted by.

'I don't want to hurry you,' the angel observed at last, 'but if you could manage —— You see, I promised to lunch with Azrael to-day and I had to put him off once last week, and so ——'

'All right,' I said, 'all right. I won't be a moment.' And I plunged more feverishly into my work while the angel shuffled his wings behind my back in a restless manner.

'Do you think you *are* likely to get it done this morning?' he asked, presently, in a much more querulous and irritable voice. He was now flying up and down the room with short, impatient strokes of his wings; and I feared very much lest he should dislodge some of the valuable specimens of late Victorian crockery which stood on my mantelpiece. I wished to hand on this fine collection intact to my legatees; and I did not wish to vex the angel. I, therefore, stood up with about thirty pages in my hand, torn out of my latest book.

'These will do, I expect,' I told him, trying to conceal my uncertainty. The expression of doubt came again over his face as he looked at them.

'That's still rather a lot,' he murmured.

'Well,' I said, perhaps a little an-

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grily, 'will you tell me frankly how many you think I ought to take?'

'To be perfectly honest with you,' he replied, in a cool tone, 'I don't think you'll stand very much chance with Peter if you ask him to read more than one. And if you get pilled,' he added, reflectively, 'that'll mean another long journey after lunch.'

'One!' I cried, in dismay. 'Why on earth did n't you tell me that before?'

'I was hoping that you'd realize it for yourself,' the angel answered, shrugging his pinions.

'One!' I cried again. 'However am I to fix on *one?*'

'Well, anyway, I wish you'd hurry up about it,' he snapped, now growing quite pettish.

I hurriedly looked through my selection. There seemed to be some flaw in every piece. I had almost settled on the 'Ode to Spring' when I detected an error of grammar in the seventeenth stanza, that hitherto had always escaped my notice. The Dog-fish Sonnet, I remembered, had been reprinted (with acknowledgments) by the *Coventry Evening News* after its first appearance in the *St. Stephen's Gazette;* but when I looked at it again, the Cockney rhyme seemed more offensive than ever. Then, almost weeping and distracted by the angel's evident impatience, I cast my mind wildly over all that I had ever written. Perhaps — could it be that *none* of these were perfect? In that moment I recalled one piece that indubitably had awakened in others an emotion comparable to my own. I had never printed it, I had almost forgotten it; and yet now the conviction grew in me that my applauding friends had been right, that this was a composition I never surpassed. As I thought about it, the others faded to insignificance in its light. I seized it, but, just as I soared through the roof into the cold of outer space, one hand in that of the angel, the other clutching a sheet of paper, I awoke. I shall never know now whether Peter really would have appreciated that matchless poem; that red-hot lyric tossed off in a moment how many years ago, the Limerick which I composed in my youth upon the Keeper of the Printed Books in the British Museum!

The New Statesman

AVIATION AND WORLD BROTHERHOOD

BY A MILITARY PILOT

Now that, in a manner of speaking and with the usual wise reservations, it is all over bar the shouting, the still small voice of the contemporary little Peterkin can already be heard asking in the middle of the night, 'What did we kill each other for?'

'Civilization?' So we swore during the war, but like Omar Khayyam we now ask ourselves, 'Were we sober when we swore?' People who profess to be sober have begun to talk in the solemn old pre-war way, not about civilization at all, but about prestige and interests and supremacy. Even the balance of power, though publicly damned, is far from dead. When the gods go, the half-gods seek to return. Old gentlemen, who have never been to the war, sit in London and worship them in public. They write about 'our share in the war,' and sneer at President Wilson as an impossible idealist. Middle-aged generals, who ran the war from offices somewhere in France, or elsewhere, not infrequently follow suit. But the private soldier and the foot-slogging infantry officer, who lived with the war at close quarters, stick to their guns and their gods. A free civilization is still their heart's motto.

The new force that has come into

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the world with the war is the realization in the minds of many men that a free international civilization is a thing for which it is worth fighting. People who professed to think internationally before the war were generally dubbed, and frequently deservedly, either watery cosmopolitans or prating pacifists. The first had often axes to grind in more capitals than one, and were suspected by full-blooded patriots. The second were regarded as ridiculous people, who talked much of civilization but held war in such horror that they were not prepared to back a fight, even for their own beliefs.

Of the watery cosmopolitans there is no need to speak further. But we can all see now what was the matter with the pacifists. They lacked the nerve of the Irish, who are ever to be found —

Fighting like devils for conciliation
And hating each other for the love of God.

They had, in fact, a totally exaggerated estimate of the value of human life. We know that it is often worth just nothing at all, unless it be laid down. The whole essence of pacifism is materialism. It is a denial of all the faiths of all the ages of all the world. It fears those that kill the body instead of those that hurt and destroy the soul. But the fighter knows better. And he knows in his heart, even if he has never reasoned it, that when he kills his enemy in fair fight he has done the latter no wrong.

This is the new pacifism, and hence it is that internationalism is to-day a living creed. Millions of ordinary men are prepared to fight to enforce peace. Many a man now thinks it a finer cause to strike a blow for than 'my country, right or wrong.' The 'prestige' mongers and the 'sovereignty' merchants, and all the official patriots, would do well to note the times. Either you are for President Wilson, or you are against him. The present writer is strongly of the opinion that nine out of ten of the private soldiers, the 'Ole Bills' of every great combatant country, are for him.

If this be so, the League of Nations will have a force behind it. And the force of the future is Air Force. The road may be the King's highway or the *route nationale*, but the air, which knows no frontiers, is the highway of the League of Nations. In time it will make our national frontiers seem the limits of County Councils. The citizen of the world will be a good Briton or a good Frenchman in the sense that to-day he is a good Yorkshire man or a good Lancashire man. War will be as impossible between England and France as it is between Yorkshire and Lancashire. Let us remember that once peace was impossible between the roses of Lancaster and York.

But the citizen of the world must be bred and trained. The League of Nations will be a farce if it rests on nothing but the separate armies and navies of its members. Intrigue and jealousy and the parochialism of national statesmen can paralyze its arm. There can be conspiracy within its bosom. There could be no generalship, and there would be conflict of military schools and tradition. The citizen of the world, who will defend the world, must be bred to his task, and trained in a World's War College. Why should not the League of Nations levy a world tax, to be collected for it by national governments from their own subjects, and maintain the only military air force of the world? All pilots except the League's pilots could be trained for commercial aviation only, and the creation of national military air colleges could be strictly prevented.

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For no single nation has the right to an air force, any more than a county has the right to an army. The air will defy all attempts at ownership. Pilots smile when they hear wise men talking about the air customs service. We shall have an amusing time watching those customs services. They will be established, no doubt, and they will last — for a time. But the air has doomed international tariffs as surely as the *octroi* is doomed.

The first citizen of the world, the superman who is coming, is likely to be the international military pilot. If he be taken young from the intellectual and physical aristocracy of the nations, and sent to the World's War College, a sort of super-Osborne in Egypt or California or other suitable climate, he may reach to heights in the development of human faculty of which we have just begun to dream. All the great languages of the world he may speak with ease. Science can be his fairy godmother and the aeroplane and airship his magic carpet, so that he who reads may run, even to the end of the world. He will be the civilized man, knowing all countries and all peoples, and hating nothing that he knows. The sweet airs of the world will keep his mind clean, and the military and knightly tradition of faith, truth, and gentleness that has come down through the ages will weave its last and most perfect mantle for his shoulders as he studies the high and perilous art of war in the clouds. Spurned on the ground, and well-nigh stifled in the fumes of poison gas, chivalry has sprung into the air, to make it its eternal home.

A force composed of such citizens of the world, and controlled by its own general staff, would be the irresistible servant of the League of Nations. No single nation would be able to influence it or to produce disloyalty in its disciplined cohesion. Its members would be so trained as to be as unlikely to put the interests of their native country before those of the world's justice and the world's peace as a British Prime Minister is unlikely to sacrifice the interests of our Empire to his native town, proud though he may be of the latter. Its stations would exist throughout the world on every frontier, and its squadrons would be ready to mete out swift punishment to any armed force that crossed a legal frontier. They would move on both sides of every frontier, so that no nation should have military surprises guarded from their eyes. If a national frontier, which for any reason became obsolete or unjust, were altered legally in the League's parliament, the World's Air Force would be there to enforce the new delimitation. And if, for instance, a restless tribe broke the peace of our Indian frontier, it would be the local squadrons of the World's Air Force, and not of Britain, that would be launched against it. There would be no need for delay, no need for reference to the tribunal of the League of Nations. The rights and wrongs of the quarrel could be settled in court afterwards, but forthwith any armed force operating on the wrong side of the frontier would be the enemy of the World's Air Force, just as the man who tries to wreak his private vengeance on his adversary's person promptly finds himself attended to by the police, however just his quarrel.

With stores and petrol depôts on both sides of the frontier there would be little temptation to one nation to attempt a coup against the League's squadrons. The increasing ease of long-distance communications, and the speed with which the world's air fleets could be mobilized against the offender, would also deprive a rebellious nation of hope of more than a tempo-

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rary local success. For in time the air will be a supply route also, and air squadrons in emergency will be largely independent of land routes.

Is not this the way?

The International Review

TIMOTHY WHITEBONNET AND TIMOTHY THE CAT

BY E. M. FORSTER

'MIAOU!'

Such was the terrible sound which, half way through the fifth century, disturbed the slumbers of certain Monophysite monks. Their flesh crept. Moved by a common impulse, each stole from his cell, and saw, in the dimly-lighted corridor, a figure even more mysterious than pussy's — something that gibbered and bowed, and said, in hollow and sepulchral tones, 'Consecrate Timothy.' They stood motionless until the figure disappeared, then ran this way and that in search of it. There was nothing to be seen. They opened the convent doors. Nothing to be seen except Alexandria glimmering, still entirely marble; nothing except the Pharos, still working and sending out from the height of five hundred feet a beam visible over a radius of seventy miles. The streets were quiet, owing to the absence of the Greek garrison in Upper Egypt. Having looked at the tedious prospect, the monks withdrew, for much had to be done before morning: they had to decide whether it was an angel or a devil who had said 'Miaou.' If the former, they must do penance for their lack of faith; if the latter, they were in danger of hell-fire. While they argued over a point that has puzzled the sharpest of saints, the attention of some of them began to wander, and to dwell on one who was beyond doubt a devil — Proterius, whom the Emperor had imposed on them as their Patriarch, and who slept in a convent near by. They cursed Proterius. They reflected too that in the absence of the garrison he no longer slept safely — that they were Egyptians and numerous, he a Greek and alone. They cursed him again, and the apparition reappeared repeating, 'Consecrate Timothy.' Timothy was one of their own number and the holiest of men. When, after an interval, they ran to his cell, they found him upon his knees in prayer. They told him of the ghostly message, and he seemed dazed, but on collecting himself implored that it might never be mentioned again. Asked whether it was infernal, he refused to reply. Asked whether it was supernal, he replied, 'You, not I, have said so.' All doubts disappeared, and away they ran to find some bishops. Melchite or Aryan or Sabæan or Nestorian or Donatist or Manichæan bishops would not do: they must be Monophysite. Fortunately, there were two, and on the following day Timothy, struggling piously, was carried between Cleopatra's Needles into the cathedral and consecrated Patriarch of Alexandria and of all the preaching of St. Mark. For he held the correct opinion as to the nature of Christ — the only possible opinion: Christ has a single nature, divine, which has absorbed the human: how could it be otherwise? The leading residential officials, the municipal authorities, and the business community thought the same; so, attacking Proterius, who thought the contrary, they murdered him in the Baptistery, and hanged him over the city wall. The Greek garrison hurried back, but it was too late. Proterius had gone, nor did the soldiers regret him, for he had made more work than most bishops, having passed the seven years of his episcopate in a constant state of siege.

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Timothy, for whom no guards need be set, was a great improvement. Diffident and colloquial, he won everyone's heart, and obtained, for some reason or other, the surname of the Cat.

Thus the *coup d'église* had succeeded for the moment. But it had to reckon with another monk, a second Timothy, of whom, as events proved, the angel had really been thinking. He was Timothy Whitebonnet, so-called from his headgear, and his life was more notable than the Cat's, for he lived at Canopus, where the air is so thick with demons that only the most robust of Christians can breathe. Canopus stood on a promontory ten miles east of Alexandria, overlooking the exit of the Nile. Foul influences had haunted it from the first. Helen, a thousand years ago, had come here with Paris on their flight toward Troy, and though the local authorities had expelled her for vagabondage, the ship that carried her might still be seen, upon summer nights, ploughing the waves into fire. In her train had followed Herodotus, asking idle questions of idle men; Alexander, called the Great from his enormous horns; and Serapis, a devil worse than any, who, liking the situation, had summoned his wife and child and established them on a cliff to the north, within sound of the sea. The child never spoke. The wife wore the moon. In their honor the Alexandrians used to come out along the canal in barges and punts, crowned with flowers, robed in gold, and singing spells of such potency that the words remained, though the singers were dead, and would slide into Timothy Whitebonnet's ear, when the air seemed stillest, and pretend to him that they came from God. Often, just as a sentence was completed, he would realize its origin, and have to expectorate it in the form of a toad — a dangerous exercise, but it taught him discernment, and fitted him to play his part in the world. He learned with horror of the riots in the metropolis, and of the elevation of the heretical Cat. For he knew that Christ has two natures, one human, the other divine: how can it be otherwise?

At Constantinople there seems to have been a little doubt. Leo, the reigning emperor, was anxious not to drive Egypt into revolt, and disposed to let Alexandria follow the faith she preferred. But his theologians took a higher line, and insisted on his sending a new garrison. This was done, the Cat was captured, and Whitebonnet dragged from Canopus and consecrated in his place. There matters rested until the accession of Basiliscus, who sent a new garrison to expel Whitebonnet. Once more the Cat ruled bloodily until the Emperor Zeno took the other view, and sending a——.

However, the curtain may drop now. The controversy blazed for two hundred years, and is smouldering yet. The Copts still believe, with Timothy the Cat, in the single nature of Christ; the double nature, upheld by Timothy Whitebonnet, is still maintained by the rest of Christendom and by the reader. The Pharos, the Temple of Serapis — these have perished, being only stones, and sharing the impermanence of material things. It is ideas that live.

The Athenæum

A HUNDRED YEARS OF GEORGE ELIOT

BY C. H. H.

THE Warwickshire Midlands are now celebrating — a little before the event, for she was born in November — the centenary of the woman to whom, after Shakespeare, the literary

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distinction of the county is chiefly due. In the heyday of George Eliot's fame the comparison thus suggested by geography was not seldom taken up, or played with, by criticism. And putting all questions of imaginative range and intensity aside, it had, on the morrow of the triumph of *Adam Bede*, a certain plausibility which the subsequent course of her genius, quite as much as the general trans-valuation of Victorian values, has done much to efface. Here was a new writer, generally assumed, and in some quarters *known*, to be a man, who was master both of the most poignant tragedy and of the gayest and most irresistible humor; who could hold readers breathless with the recital of Hetty's anguished wanderings and yet delight their hearts with the wit and wisdom of Mrs. Poyser. And the new writer had tilted gayly at the practitioners of pretentious romance, who could paint fancy pictures as vividly as you pleased but could not draw with faithful precision the life before their eyes, just as Shakespeare in *Love's Labour's Lost* made game of the fops of fashion and the academic recluses, for whom the staple of common human nature, talk, and manners, was not fine enough.

In her genius, as in his, there lay a deep bent to the normal and the natural, which asserts itself through his most fantastic plot and her most labored invention. We accept the pound of flesh, and even the caskets, as natural in modern Venice, because Shylock is no melodramatic villain and Portia no fairy princess, but veraciously real beings who compel us to believe in whatever happens to them. And we accept — less willingly and completely, no doubt — the erudite literary fabrications which pass in *Romola* for the common talk of Florence because Tito and Romola herself are not made but seen, participators in an ethical tragedy which echoes in us all. All Shakespeare's most consummate humor is drawn, not from extravagance and caricature, but from the stuff of ordinary goings-on; and Mrs. Poyser, however incommensurable, as a creation, with Falstaff, belongs in this respect to the same plane, as Micawber or Mrs. Gamp do not; a kind of extravagance, now whimsical, now romantic, being the very element in which the genius of Dickens moved most freely, and created with most assured and lasting power. Even more palpable was the difference between Thackeray's brilliant world of damaged gentilities and sentimental affectations and this story of primal sympathies, of earth's natural laughter and tears, in the very heart of the English countryside. Brunetière, with just insight, recognized in George Eliot the founder of naturalism in the novel. With all the obvious disparity, she does stand, in the development of our novel writing, for a new start parallel to that of Flaubert in France. But he was careful to add that her novel is still a creation, and not, like Zola's, a scientific experiment; and, great as Zola was in his chosen domain, George Eliot would probably have replied to a claim of affinity, as Taine replied to the ardent Zolaist who hailed him as the founder of his school, by sending him a verse of Racine, written on a card: 'Le flot qui l'apporta recule épouvanté.'

To us, no doubt, who look back at George Eliot's completed work, and with full knowledge of all that went before and followed after that wonderful outburst of creative power, the total picture looks almost incredibly different. Her mind, her history, and a great part of her work abound in traits not merely utterly un-Shakespearean but hardly suggestive of genius at all.

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Almost to the close of the fourth decade of her life — that flowering time of creative poetry — she was simply an able young woman who read and thought earnestly on religious problems, translated German theological criticism and philosophy, and wielded the sub-editor's blue pencil competently over eminent contributions to the *Westminster Review*. She sat docilely at the feet of Herbert Spencer, and listened with demure disapproval, only gradually overcome, to the 'flippant' jests of the brilliant G. H. Lewes. Her union with him, in 1854, was entered on in a spirit of grave and resolute protest against the restrictions imposed upon her happiness by a 'diabolical' law; an antinomianism which, however fully we may justify it, belongs to a lower spiritual plane than the lofty altruism and large social sense which pervade and inspire her creative work. Later on, again, the same contrast between a thoughtful, methodical, painstaking, but not very original or brilliant, intellect and the fresh fountains of a spontaneous creative power forces itself upon us. She goes through the galleries of Florence making conscientious notes — 'A remarkably fine sea-piece by Salvator Rosa,' 'A placid, contemplative young woman with her finger between the leaves of a book, by Leonardo da Vinci,' and so on; and she makes more elaborate extracts from the Florentine histories and chronicles for the 'background' of *Romola*. It is a commonplace of criticism to contrast the laboriously 'got-up' antiquities of this novel with the spontaneous outflow of Scott's abundance from a mind steeped from boyhood in the records of the past. But that is not the whole matter. For when Scott turned from Scotland and England to France and Flanders, he also had to 'get up' environment and atmosphere from chronicles now read for the first time. Yet the result, in *Quentin Durward*, is as alive through and through as the Scotch novels themselves, and its publication revealed to the French with dazzling effect what treasures of unwritten drama lay unused in the records of their past. Scott's work at his sources was no doubt less meticulous than George Eliot's; he did not hold up his narrative for days, as she did, in order to determine the incidence of Easter in a particular year; but he knew precisely what he wanted, and his creative power organized and animated all his material, whereas George Eliot's 'scholarly' preparation was not even quite first rate as scholarship, for scholarship illuminates as well as collects, and it embarrassed as much as it informed the creative energy, intense and wonderful but far less plastic and protean than Scott's, put forth in a book which remains after all deductions very great.

Are we, then, to regard the philosophic and scientific culture of George Eliot as merely regrettable obstruction to her proper genius as an artist? That would be a popular answer. But it would, to our mind, ignore a side of her work which is no more to be spared in a final estimate of her than the brooding intellectuality which went to the making of *Hamlet* (if one more reference to Shakespeare may be forgiven) can be spared in our final estimate of him. We would not be misunderstood. The marvelous fusion of ideas about life with lifelike elusive creation in *Hamlet* is nowhere approached by George Eliot. But in a lower plane it is paralleled; and beneath that summit there is scope and verge enough! In other words, George Eliot's 'philosophy,' however often a disturbing interloper in her art, has at certain points fertilized and enriched her imagination, and entered as a cre-

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ative force into both the upbuilding of plot and the shaping of character. Two beliefs, in particular, seem to have thus germinated in that rich soil: her conviction of the reaction of conduct upon character, and her untheological, but deeply religious, conception of religion. When she paints a career of absolute self-indulgence like that of Tito Melema, 'the moral lesson,' if we like to say so, is clear, and if that is a damning fault, damned it must be. But the ethical passion which moves her does not crystallize into doctrinaire assertions of moral law, it becomes the organizing energy in a tragedy of degeneration, worked out with an amazing mastery, impossible without it, of the psychology of moral decadence This was the way not of the moralizing 'school marm' but of Greek tragedy, and it is by that example that we can best vindicate the 'high seriousness' in her which Aristotle extolled in it, a quality beside which the humanitarianism of Dickens seems childlike and the social satire of Thackeray crude, and which yet did not exclude a humor as genuine as theirs. And then, finally, she had reached a conception of religion which, completely detached both from the positive creeds and from militant unbelief, and yet the issue of intimate experience of both, qualified her better than either for reproducing alike the deep tidal currents and the humorous surface play for which religion is responsible in English life — the land, as Voltaire complained, of a hundred religions and but one sauce! Trollope draws the 'varieties of religious experience' within the Anglican fold admirably, but hardly any other; Dickins's Stiggins and Chadband are joyous caricatures not in the highest plane of his art. Neither they nor any other English novelist offer any comparison with George Eliot's wonderful gallery of types — Amos Barton and Mr. Gilfil, Farebrother and Casaubon, Rufus Lyon and Dinah Morris, Dorothea Brooke and Dolly Winthrop, the delectable village theologians who debate the ways of 'ghos'es' in the Rainbow, and, rarest of all, the Jewish home of the Cohens and Mordecai, illuminated by the coming of the 'Prinzessin Sabbath' whom Heine sang, and described with a charm hardly less than his. George Eliot is of those who have done most, through art, in the nineteenth century, to enrich and deepen both the religion of humanity and the humanity of religion.

The Manchester Guardian

THE FUTURE OF BRITISH MUSIC

BY RICHARD WALTHEW

MODERN music assumes many disguises and often speaks to us in strange tones. But the attentive hearer will recognize in its queerest manifestations threads binding it to the past. So far as an Englishman may judge, the master who has most profoundly influenced French musicians is Mozart: perhaps it was his extraordinary dramatic sense that attracted them in the first place, but his perfect clarity, restraint, and habit of putting just the right note in the right place is reflected all through the French school. Mozart's music in its absolute precision and balance of thought and expression is like the French language, and true Frenchmen have always looked with suspicion on the vague and hysterical. Modern French music may be occasionally heartless or even ugly, but it is never clumsy. We may weary at times of the almost entirely decorative art of a Ravel or a Satie, but we cannot but admire its perfection of style. Of modern French writers the only one

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with whom we are acquainted who seems to have escaped the Mozart tradition is Florent Schmitt, whose full-blooded performances seem to set him apart from his compatriots.

British music has been subject to very different influences: it came early under foreign domination, and we may even say that never since the time of the glorious Elizabethan madrigalists has it been really in touch with the national character. In this country Handel and Mendelssohn, and later, Brahms and Wagner, have been the principal influences on our music. Much of the quaint charm of the delightful Sullivan operettas is due to the Handelian and Mendelssohnian manner applied to incongruous words and situations. The music of even such a comparatively modern and genuinely British composer as the late Sir Hubert Parry is full of idioms and turns of phrase derived from these two German masters. In later years the Russian school of music became extremely popular, and we find evidence of this in the work of B. J. Dale and others. Later still Debussy came and conquered us, and the externalities (if we may call them so) of this very individual style have become the stock-in-trade of many clever musicians. But the most recent, and perhaps the most widely spread, movement in Great Britain has been in the direction of folk music: nearly every composer of note nowadays feels it his duty at some time to take an old tune as the basis of an elaborate composition, or to write in a style recalling the modes of ancient times. The great protagonists of this school are Mr. Cecil Sharp, whose industry and learning command our respect, Mr. Martin Shaw, whose songs and church music are almost aggressively primitive, and Mr. Vaughan Williams, a very sincere and highly-gifted musician whose folk-song proclivities have a way of cropping up in the most unexpected places. We can all sympathize with the aspirations of this new school; Englishmen have for too long suffered the rule of the foreigner in matters musical. But it may be pointed out that in art matters, as in social or political, we cannot go back, for good or ill: we can no more revive morris dancing than bull baiting. Again, many musicians whose tendencies lie in quite the opposite direction have felt it a point of duty to affect this archaic style with unfortunate results: not every artist is a primitive, and the whole trend of recent thought and habits has been such as to make the times when folk singing and morris dancing were spontaneous emotional expressions seem very remote indeed. Better undisturbed repose than a forced and unnatural resurrection. And many of our modern writers have far too much genuine talent and accomplishment to develop into self-conscious antiquaries. We would name in particular Mr. Frank Bridge whose technical mastery is altogether admirable and seems to be wasted on clever arrangements of 'Sally in Our Alley' and 'Cherry Ripe,' both charming tunes, well able to stand by themselves, and not needing 'shoring up' (to use Mr. Willett's expression) by Mr. Bridge or anyone else. (We are not here objecting to the form of Variations on an old tune, which is on a different footing from the works we have mentioned.)

We have seen that the beneficent Mozart tradition is constant in French music: Berlioz, whose gods were Gluck and Beethoven (whom he appreciated in a curious way), is almost the only exception. But, apart from Mozart, occasional Italianisms, and a passing Wagner cult, French music has not betrayed any outside influences, but

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has developed naturally and powerfully within its own borders and with the support of its own population. We in this country have not been so fortunate but have been blown about by every wind of fashion. Our imitations of successive foreign models have left us with no fixed standard of style, and no British musician has ever had an influence on French music comparable to that exercised by Constable on French painting. But, unless we read the signs of the times erroneously, a better day is dawning. Our musicians are no longer content to say in a second-rate way what has already been said in a first-rate way, and the very unrest and ferment which we see on all sides should develop into a real national school freed of unhealthy self-consciousness. Already we have accomplished much. Elgar is still among us and active: his 'Ode to the Fallen,' 'Carillon,' and 'The Voice in the Desert' were true expressions of certain phases of English feeling during the war, and it is gratifying to see that he has at last begun to write chamber music. His best work is inherently British in its straightforwardness and frank emotionalism, and not less so because he has been self-reliant enough to avoid the extravagancies of the folk song movement. In his 'Seâ Pictures' he has expressed the mystery and romance of the sea as Stanford has in a different way in his 'Songs of the Sea.' In the 'Songs of the Fleet' Stanford has added a genuine rollicking spirit and an expression of the national feeling toward the navy. Among our younger composers we have already mentioned Frank Bridge who should go far: unlike some modern writers he never sprawls, and in the neatness and finish of his work we see French influence legitimately at work. But it is needless to mention individuals; we are concerned at present with general tendencies and prospects, and these are full of hope. But there is one branch of music in which we have lagged sadly behind, and in which we ought to have flourished exceedingly. The greatest thing Great Britain has achieved is her dramatic literature: it is the greatest in the world, a heritage more glorious and more abiding than her empire. Now opera has at least some affinity to drama, and of late years it has become less than ever a mere musical entertainment. And so it is strange that in opera we have done practically nothing. The reasons for this are many and various and need not be entered on here, but in the new world on which we are now entering it is likely that the adverse influences will cease to have power, and we may well hope that a school of opera will arise and take its place among our national institutions. Thanks to Sir Thomas Beecham people are getting into the habit of opera-going and the operas are sung in our own language. We must not rest content with this; we must write our own operas. It will not be the affair of a day: we have to found a school, to make a tradition; but there is much talent about and it should not be difficult to divert it into a direction offering such prospects of success, artistic and material.

The Anglo-French Review

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WAR MEMORIALS: SERVICE OR SACRIFICE?

BY PROFESSOR W. R. LETHABY

THE other day I was asked some questions on the cost of stained glass, as it was proposed to put a stained-glass window as a memorial in a village Wesleyan chapel. Another memorial has been mentioned to me: 'the form decided on is the replica of some old village cross'; and yet another was to be a 'runic cross.' The spirit of the inquiries was entirely wholesome and sweet, but it raised (as it will in the minds of crotchety people, 'who never agree with what they don't propose themselves') a whole flight of preliminary questions and doubts as to the ultimate possibilities. There are thousands of other cases where like questions are being asked without our being ready with considered replies. As usual it will be muddle. Again the generous people are untaught; again they are to sacrifice before an idol, or a whole row of idols.

Is it necessary, is it what the fallen themselves would have wished, that four and a half years of war and destruction shall be followed by a great outpouring of unproductive, and indeed futile, labor? Must a sort of murder be followed by a sort of suicide?

The problem as a whole in its great mass needs thinking over and out, and it would be well if the intelligent people of the universities, churches, and councils would consider it and take the responsibility of giving some teaching. Have the universities no national functions? It seems that millions of pounds are again to be wasted, and at such a time, in doing what we at most can least well do. Sometimes, indeed and alas! it may be spent in further vulgarizing our ancient churches. Meanwhile Englishmen and heroes have too few houses to live in, and too little vital and reproductive work to do. Why should it be unmonumental to provide some of these? Billiard-marking and diamond-cutting will not be enough to employ all who come back. Would it not be possible to direct some of the memorial streams to irrigating truly productive work? The best of all memorials would be those which helped speedily to organize the drifting masses of men who are returning to *promises*, and the unproductive monuments will not do that.

There is a feeling in the air that we ought to offer pure sacrifice for the fallen, and that there is some meanness in making memorials serve a useful purpose — that we must advertise our regret and compassion in lavish oblations of marble, brass, and glass. Then there are artists and firms all ready to provide the expected right things; but we must remember that these are the priests who live by the sacrifices, 'thrusting their forks into the cauldron.' It is in the nature of things that artists should be chiefly interested in their own matters, and we can hardly expect a general theory from them unless they were called together in consultation, when they would be quite equal to giving disinterested advice. What we most need is some such calling together for discussion. If we could hold a meeting of the fallen and put some suggestions before them, is it the brass and glass

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that they would choose? We might readily find out with a high degree of probability by holding a meeting of the maimed and injured and asking them what their fallen comrades would have liked — this or that?

This idea of a stone sacrifice is very largely a modern development. Of course there have 'always' been monumental memorials, but they were generally direct records, a writing on a wall, or they were tombs. Now, tombs in antiquity were not simply monuments to the dead; they were eternal houses for those who were in some ghostly way living another kind of life. They were not mere memory memorials.

More self-conscious memorial monuments and pompous tombs came in with the Hellenistic decline. The great 'mausoleum' of the semi-oriental satrap was soon followed by huge trophy monuments, triumphal arches, and sculptured memorial pillars. All these are heathen, imperial, and part of the apparatus of hypnotism by pomp.

On the other hand, great and serious works of service have generally been associated with the thought of memorial purpose. It was known that only life can insure further life; only living grain can fructify.

Pericles rebuilt the sacred high city of Athens as a memorial of the Persian War. Alexander founded Alexandria as a memorial to himself. S. Sophia, Constantinople, was in some degree a memorial of the putting down of the Nika riots. So our own wise Alfred refounded London after withstanding the Danes. Most of the great works of men have been memorials, and all the greatest memorials have been aids to life. The earliest churches were martyr memorials.

In the Middle Ages the favorite memorial was abbey founding, and abbeys were experiments in community life. At the Renaissance time colleges, schools, and almshouses were built. 'Almshouses'— the very word is memorially beautiful if we had not starved the meaning, so thin, bony, and grim — cold as charity. Of modern time works Waterloo Bridge is very far the finest memorial we have; indeed, it is in a different category from 'memorials proper,' and is in its way perfect. Again, the Albert Hall is as much better than the Albert Memorial as it is more serviceable. Trafalgar Square is at least superior to the Nelson Column. Only reality can give the true monumental note.

If we think again of our need and purpose, there is an enormous volume of noble constructive work which is necessary to the life of the people, works from those of a national scale down to those suitable for our villages.

The nation might consider some such schemes as the following:

1. Town and village rebuilding and reënlivening. A general effort after health, joy, and beauty; a policy of weal in place of 'wealth,' festivals, folk schools, eisteddfods, stadiums.

2. The establishment of a dozen new universities of experimental types, recognizing crafts, art, and all kinds of research, production, making, and doing.

3. National old-age hospitals in place of the feared and hateful workhouse infirmaries.

4. Country redemption and general tidying up, burying old tins, burning old paper, and tearing down insulting advertisements.

5. Making the railway system rational, efficient, and orderly: our stations and station yards must be nearly the worst in the world.

6. An Irish Channel tunnel and finely constructed railway to a port on the Atlantic. A really worthy gateway to the West, a British Appian Way.

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7. The setting up of a Ministry for Civilization, which would recognize the need for national story, music, drama, and art, and give some attention to our wretched coins, stamps, public heraldry, and 'brilliant ceremonies.'

8. The rebuilding of the greater part of London.

9. The embanking and guiding our over-flooding rivers, and planting the wasteful hedges with fruit trees.

10. The organizing of summer camps attached to all large towns, where some of the experience gained during the war might be maintained.

Every county might experiment in building a new town. Every town might throw out a garden suburb. Every village might build at least one stout and neat little house which might be let to someone who has suffered. It would be perfectly easy to put a worthy commemorative inscription and list of names on such a building. Organized labor could make use of the memorial motive in founding a town for craft teaching and industrial research, also for experiments in well living in small houses. The ideal is certainly the house which could be worked without slavery and without the greasy waste and hidden squalor of rich houses. How best to live with the least consumption is an aim which might safely be put before all people when a time comes for considering possible ideals in civilization. Here, indeed, would be a fair field for the play of our competitive energies. We need a practice of economic experiment and research, health laboratories, group living, community hospitality, better cooking, and some human amusements which don't pay dividends. The material appliances of our civilization are altogether inadequate. We badly need Wisdom in her works as well as in her words. We have to think of civilization as a whole, as an ambition, as experiment. If we could establish a wisdom council on this one object of making worthy memorials, the precedent might widen, and it might at last be remembered that even government must recognize that it has to be more than an 'administration.' Some day when we have learned not to slay ideals with our 'sense of humor' we may find it desirable to have a Minister for Civilization.

The ever accelerating momentum of modern life — or existence — has passed into eccentric orbits, and we seem to prefer to patch wreckage rather than to make a plain way. A special effort is necessary to find the bare data for rational production. It is hardly possible to get it understood that a 'work of art' is not a design thrown off by a genius, but it is a piece of honest work consecrated to a noble purpose. At least a work of art implies workmanship. Labor of course must be cast into appropriate forms, but the craftsmen saw to that before 'design' became the tastes and whims of middlemen. We have to wake to the understanding that nobody really cares for 'art' sterilities, and we are not even able to do them speciously well. After the mayor's speech at the unveiling function we turn our backs on our monuments, and never speak of them again; except of some which we make into whetstones to sharpen our wits, or rather our tongues.

Those strange peoples, the ancients, made memorials simply and directly, building their hearts into them. We have heart, too, but not frankness; we seek manner, not speech; and we spend our strength in preliminary anxieties, so that the works themselves are born tired.

The very names we call the 'styles' confess all. Designs in Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Gothic, Elizabethan, and

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Georgian styles are only waxworks in a chamber of horrors.

Ornamental design is dealing with signs and symbols, the saying of something in another mode of language. Our hope in some abstract beauty which shall say nothing, being without natural affection, meaning, feeling, heart, or head, is altogether vain. These designs in the 'grand manner' are pompous nullities, which only advertise that dulling of the spirit we call education. In seeking the beautiful nothing we seek a ghost which is not there. May we not sometime learn from our failures, and so make these, too, of worth? Must hope be always the bud of disappointment? A designer takes infinite pains to be quite safe and non-committal, and then committees sit on the 'design' till it has been finally made dull and dead. Nothing living can pass through the torture of anxious committees. In a work of art courage is needed and an untired mind in the worker. Every fine work is the embodied enthusiasm of maker poets — we cannot take fire from the cold ashes of committee compromises or the reflected flames of stylists.

We are not ready to produce works of art consciously poetic — wherefore again let us do things obviously useful for life's sake. Above all things the returned soldiers, or their widows and mothers when they return no more, need houses. Would not a pleasant, tidy little house in every village bearing on a panel,

MEMORIAL COTTAGE

and other words and names, be the most touching, significant, and beautiful of all possible monuments?

DUBLIN AND BELFAST: A STUDY IN TOWNS AND TEMPERAMENTS

BY J. A. STRAHAN

IRELAND is happy in her harbors. Anyone who has left on a summer evening the flat and forlorn shores of Lancashire, to arrive on a summer morning in Dublin Bay or Belfast Lough, will not need to be told this. As the boat enters Dublin Bay you see on the north 'the ould Hill of Howth' rising steeply out of the sea, and on the south Killiney Hill, 'with the spike on the top of it,' and the noble piers of Kingstown at the bottom of it; while in front of you the long sea walls of the Liffey run into the shallow water as the sea walls of the Porto di Lido run into the sandy Adriatic. In the same way, on reaching the entrance of Belfast Lough, you have on your left hand the Copeland Islands with their lighthouses, and behind them the soft heavily-wooded hills of Down; and on the right hand the black cliffs and stern bare mountains of Antrim, with the castle of Carrickfergus standing in the sea like an Irish Château de Chillon. In both Bay and Lough you have a pearly sky above you and a pearly sea below you and a transparent haze all around you, through which you see on each side the little square thickly-

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hedged evergreen fields, and away in the distance the faint outlines shimmering in the early sun of the domes and spires of a great city. Travelers will always differ as to which of these scenes is the more fair; but travelers will always agree that both of them are superbly beautiful.

Both, too, have a close family likeness: they are true offspring of the Irish land, light, and air. Once, however, your boat glides out of the Bay and between the sea walls of the Liffey and out of the Lough and into the artificial channel of the Lagan, all family likeness ends. The cities about you are as different as cities in different lands could be. From between the Liffey walls you see a town which seems asleep, from the Lagan channel you see one which is obviously very wide awake.

As your boat creeps up to the North Wall, the object which is sure to attract your attention first is the Custom House. It is as big as — I should think it is bigger than — the Custom House of London; and it is ten times as magnificent. It always seems to be vacant, which is not strange, since it is ten times too big for its job: the customs duties collected in it are but a trifle as compared not with those collected in London, but with those collected in the little square house in Belfast. A few ships are lying about the quays, mostly small coasting craft; but there is little or no sign of the hurry and bustle of commerce. The cabs which come to meet the passengers from England are all antiquated jaunting-cars or four-wheelers, drawn by even more antiquated horses. As you drive through the city to your hotel, most of the people you see seem to have nothing in particular to do, and those who may have (if there are any such) are certainly in no particular hurry to do it. Crowds of little unwashed shoeless children play about the streets, watched from windows in high houses which were once the residences of the wealthiest in the land, by fat, unwashed, black-haired, blue-eyed mothers: the latter's favorite way of looking out is not by opening the window, but by putting their often comely heads through the paneless sashes. When you reach your hotel you are sure to be received with French politeness and effusiveness; and if you are patient, a porter will ultimately appear to carry your luggage to your room; and in time you will have breakfast served to you in a leisurely manner by a waiter who, if a native,— too frequently the waiters are not natives, but persons with a pronounced German accent who say they come from Switzerland,— will enter into a friendly and familiar chat with you as to the business or want of business which has brought you to Dublin: if it is nothing more than a quest for rest and change, then you will find all you want in the Irish capital. For just as the visitor from a busy land will find Dublin's population the most easy-going, so he will find Dublin's aspect the most marvelous of any great city in Western Europe — north, at any rate, of Venice.

As the visitor rambles about the city he will look in vain for the industries necessary to support its population. As a matter of fact, it has no industries of any consequence except the manufacture of whiskey, beer, and biscuits, and the proportion of the population these support is very small; but it has any number of military barracks, public offices, schools of learning, and charitable institutions, and it is on or through them that its people live. How so many people can live in such a way will puzzle you until you take a walk through its slums. Then you will see it is to a large extent by starv-

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ing. Just walk down from King's Inns, one of the schools of learning, to the Rotunda, one of the charitable institutions, through Dominick Street. On each hand you will find immense houses, larger and not unlike those in Harley Street. There is not a clean window among them; there is scarcely an unbroken one; every room in them is a separate residence, often without any furniture but an armful of straw, but always with at least half a dozen inmates. The street door is never closed; the hall and staircase which give admission to the dens are never washed; and the inhabitants who run in and out of them — especially the children — are nearly always without shoes and almost without clothes. Well-dressed ladies and gentlemen pass through such streets and never seem to give these surroundings a glance or a thought; and the half-naked, half-starved children never solicit them for alms: with both of them this is the normal and natural state of things for the working classes.

In most other ancient cities such sights as these are to be seen, but in no other that I have ever visited are they to be seen in every corner of the city, save in a few fashionable streets and squares and in some of the suburbs. But Dublin differs in a hundred ways from other cities. In other cities the best residential part is the west; in Dublin it is in the east. In other cities there is at most one university; in Dublin there are two. In other cities if there are two cathedrals they stand wide apart; in Dublin they stand close together. In other cities, whether there be one or two cathedrals, they belong to the church of the majority; in Dublin they belong to the church of the minority. In other cities the government official is usually loyal to the government he serves; in Dublin the government official is usually the one of all men whom the government has most reason to distrust and fear. If you ramble through the meaner shopping streets, you will find again and again in the windows cheap portraits of the men who fell in the late rebellion, with appeals to passers to pray for the repose of their souls; and you will see men and women stopping before them uncovered and offering up their prayers; and if you inquire, you will often find that these men received their bread from the government which they lost their lives in endeavoring to overthrow.

Of course this state of Dublin and its people is one which could only be created by a long and tragic history; and it is that ancient history which it will not forget which is its modern curse, and which diverts so many of its energies from the ordinary concerns of life into politics, conspiracies, and rebellions, and which poisons the whole current of its life. Dublin is essentially a feminine city — gentle, attractive, uncertain, and unreasonable — but it is a feminine city with a past.

Belfast, on the other hand, is a city which in a double sense is a city without a past. Its history is very short, and it is without misfortunes. A hundred years ago it was little more than a village; now it is the largest city in Ireland, with an ever-increasing population and an ever-advancing prosperity. If Dublin is a city with a past; Belfast is a city with a future.

The traveler arriving for the first time in Belfast might easily imagine that by some mistake he had come not to an Irish town but to Newcastle-on-Tyne or Glasgow on the Clyde. As his boat advances up the artificial channel of the Lagan to the long lines of quays and docks, he hears on both sides the rattle of thousands of hammers riveting, and the creaking of a hundred giant gantries swinging in mid-air,

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great sheets or beams of steel which are to form the sides or ribs of ocean liners. On landing he will find the quay sheds swarming with men and wagons, and piled high with all kinds of merchandise. Motor-taxis are waiting to take the passengers to their homes or their hotels; and as his whirls him through the streets he will notice that everybody he sees seems to be in a hurry. When he arrives at his hotel he is hurried to his room, and when he comes down again he finds his breakfast ready for him on the table. The Belfast man has no time to waste, and he wastes none.

A nearer inspection only makes the resemblance of Belfast to a big business city in Great Britain the more striking. The shipyards and engineering shops which he passed coming into the harbor are the noblest but not the greatest or oldest of the city's industries. Belfast is the centre of the world's linen trade, in which it employs some sixty thousand workers. And as he walks about the broad streets, the visitor will constantly come upon great factories busy with other and newer manufactures. The whole place throbs with energy and enterprise; and it is this energy and enterprise which made it grow and is still its lifeblood.

Dublin is full of great government buildings: in Belfast there are practically only two — the custom house and the post office. All the other public structures you see were erected by the people themselves and at their own expense; and some of these, like the new city hall, the higher schools, the banks and the warehouses, are among the finest buildings of their kind in the world. The people are absolutely self-supporting and self-reliant: they do not seek, and constantly refuse, government aid. Only the other day a Royal Commission investigated the needs of Irish harbors. The southern ports dwelt much on the improvements necessary, and the impossibility of carrying them out without assistance from the treasury. Belfast explained that it itself had made its harbor, and would itself determine and carry out all improvements required. It has already commenced these improvements, which will cost it ultimately millions of pounds.

Belfast in itself is not an attractive town. Its situation, surrounded as it is by a circle of high hills, is charming, and its environs and suburbs are delightful; but the city itself is without the picturesqueness which antiquity always gives even to dilapidations. Its chief streets, though they contain many handsome buildings, are still irregular and incomplete. Its residendential quarters are almost entirely composed of small workmen's houses — the wealthier (save the doctors) live in the suburbs. These are each occupied by a single family, and inside are in general neat, clean, comfortably designed and comfortably furnished — in these respects differing by the poles from the tenement houses of Dublin; but the constant rows of them, all as like one another as peas, only broken here and there by towering factories, do not contribute to architectural dignity or artistic distinction. The Belfast man does not mind this; and is content to claim that the working class in his city is better housed than in any other city in the United Kingdom, and produces in proportion to its number fewer paupers.

This is very characteristic of the practical Belfast man, who himself, like his city, is, to tell the truth, not over-attractive: attractiveness is seldom the distinguishing quality of an energetic and self-reliant people. His accent is far from being musical; his manners are seldom very refined; he is dogged in his views and downright in

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his speech, but he is not inclined to speaking except when it is necessary. A story told when the Boer War was going on, and not going on very well for England, is extremely illustrative of the breed. A Belfast man who, like most Belfast men, was a sound British patriot, found himself in the middle of a number of Dubliners, who, like most Dubliners, were sound Irish Nationalists. The Dubliners were loudly exulting in the English reverses, partly to vent their own views and partly to vex the Belfast man. The Belfast man made no comment until one of the Dubliners asked him point-blank were not the Boers fine fighters. The Belfast man glared at his questioner for a moment, and then answered, 'Of course they are. Are n't they Dutchmen, and did n't William of Orange once come over here with a few Dutchmen and in a month or two knock h—l out of all the Nationalists in Ireland?' But if the Belfast man has the faults of the energetic and self-reliant, he has also their virtues: he is kindly and hospitable, manly and straightforward, and is always loyal to the friend or leader who is loyal to him.

Somewhere in his *History of European Morals*, Lecky has pointed out that the Catholic is essentially a feminine religion and tends to make those holding it gentle and courteous, while the Protestant is essentially a masculine religion and tends to make those following it rough and brusque. This may account for the difference in manners between Belfast men and Dubliners; for though a quarter of the population of Belfast are Catholics, it is above all a Protestant city, just as, though a quarter of the population of Dublin are Protestants, it is above all a Catholic city. But personally I think the difference in manners is due less to a difference in religion than to a difference in race. The Belfast men are primarily of Scottish blood, the Dubliners primarily of Irish blood; and in manners as in character the former are primarily Scottish and the latter primarily Irish. And history no doubt has something to do with it. For centuries past the Ulster Scots have regarded themselves as the victors, and for centuries the Irish southerners have been the vanquished.

However this may be, there is no doubt about the difference or its greatness. The typical Dubliner habitually talks in a gentle and deprecating way. His chief object in life is to be complaisant to everyone he meets. Ask your jarvey what his opinion on anything is and he will tell you what he thinks is yours. He is a very talkative fellow, and all the time he talks, if you watch him, you will find he is watching you: he wishes to see how you like his conversation, and you will never get his real opinion of anything, and more especially of yourself, unless he is amused into a jest or annoyed into a jeer.

Two little stories which I have never seen in print are as characteristic of the Dubliner as the *argumentum ad hominem* just related is characteristic of the Belfast man. The first was the comment of a galleryite in the old Theatre Royal on a ridiculous melodrama. The house bore with the absurdity for a long time without expressing its opinion on it. At last the much-misunderstood hero declared to the much-misled heroine, 'Oh, my beloved, would that I had a window in my breast that you might see my heart!' Whereupon a voice from the gods inquired in a soft brogue, 'Wud a pain in the belly not do as well?' On which the play came to a sudden end.

The other story is illustrative of the unrealness of the opinions they not merely privately express but publicly proclaim. There are no two institu-

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tions in existence for which the average Dubliner expresses more abhorrence in his political orations than Irish landlordism and the British army; yet there are no people for whom he has the same respect and regard as for the Irish landlord and the British officer. He is a natural aristocrat, and regards with contempt the poor creature who makes his bread by such base means as trade or commerce — with a possible reservation in favor of the 'drink kings' like the Guinnesses and Jamesons. Thus when the late Mr. Parnell had broken the 'yoke of landlordism' and the Irish nation had raised a fund to reward him, the Dublin directors of the movement could think of nothing better to do with the money than to purchase him an estate. Parnell, who was half of English and half of Ulster Scottish blood, regarded the suggestion as an ill-natured joke, and demanded a check for the amount. In the same way when a jarvey wishes to be particularly polite to his fare he pretends to mistake him for a British officer — especially if by that sure instinct which he possesses for guessing the exact status of his fare he knows the gentleman is engaged in trade. Once, they say, when a well-known furrier was being driven from Westland Road Station to his home, the jarvey talked all the way, never once failing to address his fare as 'Gineral'— a title the furrier took very kindly to. At last when home was reached the furrier handed the jarvey the lowest legal tender, which at that time was sixpence. The jarvey looked at the little coin with rage and disgust. Then as he picked up his reins to drive off he said to the furrier: 'Gineral, begorra! Do ye think I don't know what ye are, ye ould boa constructor?'

I read the other day in a great English newspaper a statement that while the Ulster Protestants succeeded well in trade and manufactures, they possessed none of the brilliant qualities which had distinguished so many of their fellow Protestants of the south of Ireland. This opinion is very general, and very wrong. If by brilliant qualities are meant merely genius in literature and art it may be not altogether untrue, though it should be remembered that Farquhar and Macklin, the dramatists, Sir Samuel Ferguson, the poet, and Master Betty and Macready, the actors, were Ulster men, while a greater than these, the late Henry James, though born in America, was, as he himself told me, the son of Ulster parents. But it is in the severer occupations of life that Ulster men have won honors. Speaking only of the dead, and only of the greatest among the dead, could any population of less than a million, in the three kingdoms, boast more names of the first celebrity than these: In medicine, Sir Hans Sloane, the founder of the British Museum; in statesmanship, Lord Castlereagh, the pilot who really weathered the Napoleonic storm; in war, John Nicholson, the hero of the Indian army; in administration, Lord Lawrence, the queller of the Indian mutiny; in law, Earl Cairns, the greatest English lawyer save Hardwicke; and in science, Lord Kelvin, the greatest English scientist save Newton? The fact is, when Ulster men make their home among Englishmen, and especially among Scotsmen, they rapidly become denationalized, and are regarded by their new fellow citizens as old fellow countrymen. Who at this moment thinks of Viscount Bryce, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mr. Robert Smillie as Ulster men or Irishmen, yet two of the three were born in Ulster, and the other, though born in Nova Scotia, is the son of an Ulster man, and has a brother still living in Ulster.

As I wrote out that very short list

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of illustrious Ulster men, I could not help thinking of a pregnant observation of James Anthony Froude. He says (I think it is in his *English in Ireland*), that the real curse of Ireland has been not the absenteeism of property, but the absenteeism of genius. Of the eight men in the list, every one of them did all his best life work out of Ireland, and not one of them now sleeps in it. In the eighteenth century Dublin in the same way brought into the world three supreme geniuses — Swift, the greatest of British satirists, Burke, the greatest of British statesmen, and Wellington, the greatest of British soldiers. All of these did their best work out of Ireland, and not for Ireland but for England and the Empire. One only of them now lies in his native land, and he sleeps in St. Patrick's Cathedral, by the side of the Englishwoman whom he slew 'not with his hand, but heart,' and by slaying made immortal. That cathedral among the back streets of Dublin has now become a sanctuary consecrated to Swift's genius and Stella's tragedy.

On the cathedral wall close to their common grave is Swift's epitaph written by his own hand. That part of it in which he tells how he had come 'ubi saeva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit' is often quoted. The second part —'Abi, viator, et imitare si poteris strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem'— is usually forgotten. It is true that Swift's long life was filled with rage and disappointments and ended in utter wretchedness; but genius brought him not only its miseries but its consolations. If his political work in England ended in defeat, his political work in Ireland brought him nothing but triumph. This most English of Irishmen was the founder of Irish nationalism. The nationalism which he founded was altogether different from that which has grown out of it: it was a protest against the sacrifice of the English in Ireland to satisfy the greed of the English in England — the suppression of their trade for the benefit of the Bristol trader, the eviction of their settlers for the benefit of the London landlord. That protest received the enthusiastic support of the English in Ireland; and, had it succeeded as well in England, Ireland would now have been as loyal a part of the British Empire as Scotland; but it failed in England, and the bulk of the English in Ireland had to leave the country to earn a living, or were induced by fellow suffering to unite themselves with the native Irish; and so we have to-day the Irish nationalism and the Ireland we all know.

There is on the cathedral wall also an epitaph which records that 'Underneath lie interred the mortal remains of Mrs. Hester Johnson, better known to the world by the name of Stella'; but, as its wording shows, it did not come from Swift's hand. Perhaps his love, his memories, and his remorse were too painful to record for the public's reading; but he summed them all up for his own when he wrote on the paper which contained all of her that remained to him, 'Only a woman's hair.'

Well, well, as this again shows, and as I have said before, Dublin is a city with a past. Women who have a past have usually an unhappy present and a dubious future, yet to men whose fate is not linked up with theirs the fact of their having a past makes them often the more interesting and intriguing. So it is with Dublin, at any rate with me. Of all the cities of the world I have known, it is one of the two or three I have never come to without pleasure and have never left without regret.

Blackwood's Magazine

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THE DANCER: A STORY

BY S. G. TALLENTS

I

It was nearly midnight, and three men were sitting in a room at the top of a house in Adelphi Terrace, smoking, after the theatre. One of them, dressed in plain clothes, sat in the window seat, his profile dark against the sky. The other two sat in armchairs on each side of a small table, on which a heavily shaded reading lamp threw a circle of light about a tray of glasses and decanters. Each was in uniform, and one of them, Ivan Fitzgerald, wore the red tabs of a staff officer.

'I liked that funny man,' said the other, Tom Cameron; 'he's a first-class fellow.'

Ivan nodded, his pipe between his lips.

'Delia was n't bad,' Tom went on, 'but she's nothing to what she was in that last piece of hers. I used to go and see her once a week regularly. But I wonder why she always makes herself such a guy in a black dress whenever she dances now.'

Ivan laid his head back and blew a ring which drifted sideways across the pale square of the window.

'Did either of you fellows know Philip Templeton?' said Oliver Dane, still watching the London sky from his window seat.

'Yes,' said Ivan, putting his pipe back between his teeth. 'He was up at Oxford with me. You remember him, Tom, surely. That very quiet fellow at New College. He never did anything special up there, but I should have thought you'd have known him. One used to see him dining at the Club sometimes our last year. He took Greats the same year as I did, and I used to meet him at lectures sometimes.'

'Oh, I remember him,' said Tom; 'an awful quiet fellow.'

'He and I went out with a draft together,' said Oliver, 'about the end of 1914. We'd been with the reserve battalion about a couple of months, without coming across each other much. But we marched up from the railhead together that night, and I got to know him quite well. I remember getting out of the train and finding the station yard full of ambulances and stretchers. The Huns had started shelling some hospital or other, and they'd had to move at short notice. There was a poor devil lying on the ground just by our carriage door — a stretcher case. It was rather a grisly introduction to the front — made us both feel rather homesick, I think — and Philip opened out to me as we marched our draft up. It's curious the things that stick in one's mind. It was starry and the roads were stiff with frost. I remember coming suddenly on a horse's grave just outside a village — a white heap of lime by the wayside. And then one saw the flares lifting and sinking in the distance, and Philip began to tell me how he'd spent his last day at home fishing.

'We found the battalion in a dirty little village somewhere near Bethune, and spent a couple of days there with nothing to do except to march one's

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platoon about a muddy field. Everyone else had been in trenches already, and Philip and I felt like a pair of new boys, gone to school for the first time and considering how we should get through it all. We were n't allowed far from billets, but we used to go for short, weary walks together to get away from the company mess for a bit. And then the battalion went up into the line. The whole brigade marched down through Bethune, and I remember looking back and seeing the old church tower standing out against a scarlet sunset. And then we were halted somewhere behind Cuinchy, and I was sitting next to Philip on a stubble field when I heard my first bullet go by.

'We did n't get into trenches until quite late — nearly midnight. My platoon was in support, just behind the firing line; and after a bit Philip, whose company was next mine, came and sat down with me in a hollow of the trench. It was a very lively spot just then — rapid fire on and off all night long. And quite soon we heard that the battalion in front of us on our left had had a post rushed. Evelyn Moore came along and told us about it, and said very likely we should be sent in to push the Huns out again. He told us that a man who had come out in the same boat with us had been killed when the post was rushed, and that brought things home to us rather. Somehow we had n't expected to be killed our first night in the line.

'"What 's the last thing you remember of peace?" Philip said to me suddenly.

'I think I talked about a walk I 'd had all along the edge of the Cotswolds.

'"The last thing I remember was a dance," said Philip. He 'd been dining, he said, in Belgrave Square and had found himself stranded, as one sometimes does at dinner — both the girls next him talking to their other neighbors. Opposite him there was a girl in a gray dress. Very slight, he said, she was and rather pale, with a mass of brown hair with gold in it bound back on either side of her forehead. Philip had seen her once or twice at dances, though he did n't think she frequented them regularly, and he 'd always been a little puzzled by a sort of aloofness there was about her. Just then, he said, there was a flicker of amusement in her face, as she sat there, like himself, deserted by her neighbors. And then their eyes met, and a gleam of laughter, the lightest shadow of friendliness, fell across the table between them before she looked away.

'In the motor going on to the dance Philip asked who she was. "Miss Earle," said his hostess. "Have n't you ever met her?"

'"I don't think so," said Philip.

'His hostess did n't think she went out much. Her mother was dead and she stayed at home a good deal to look after her father. She was a wonderful dancer, and at one time there had been an idea of her going in for it professionally. But she was supposed to have given that up now that she was getting older and wiser.

'The dance was in Grosvenor Square. It was extraordinary, sitting in that frozen trench, to hear Philip describing the house all filled with roses, with red ramblers in pots standing at every corner of the staircase and a basket full of them over the landing at the head of the stairs. It was a very crowded dance and for some time he could n't catch the girl in gray. But at last, he said, she passed him in the doorway, going to sit a dance out. He asked her for a dance, and she smiled and assented; and he asked her for another, and she made him a little mocking bow. And finally they agreed to dance two running.

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'When his first dance with her came round, Philip was waiting for her. There was a semblance of space for dancing at that moment and he wished that she'd been there, ready for a moment's dancing before the crowd filled the room again. But couple after couple came through the doors, and the space was absorbed by men and girls jostling and watching for their partners. And she did n't appear till dancing was out of the question.

'"Do you think it any good trying to dance?" said Philip.

'"None," said she. "I want you to take me for some fresh air, will you?"

'"I should love to," Philip said. So they gradually forced their way down to the hall and out into the street.

'They walked to the corner of the square in silence; and there the girl stood for a moment, lifting her face to the deep blue London sky.

'"What an escape!" she said.

'"Don't you like dances either?" said Philip.

'"I love dancing," she said, "but not that," showing with a sweep of her arm the house they had just come from.

'"Somebody told me you were going to be a professional dancer," said Philip.

'"Ah," said she, "if only I could!"

'"Why not?" said he. "I'm sure you've got the heart of it in you."

'"What makes you think that?" she said, looking at him to see whether he was mocking at her.

'"My bones within me said it when I caught your eye at dinner."

'By now, Philip said, they were at the corner of Upper Grosvenor Street and Park Lane. The girl turned to him, and put her head on one side and said,

'"Would you like to see me dance?"

'"Very much," said Philip.

'"Honor bright?" said she.

'"Honor bright."

'She stood looking at him for a moment, as though to make certain that he meant what he said.

'"You're sure you won't be ashamed of me?"

'"Nonsense," said Philip.

'The girl held up her dress and made him a deep curtesy. Then she began to dance upon the open pavement while Philip leaned back against a railing and watched her.

'He could never tell himself afterwards, he said, what the dance had been. With any other girl that he could think of it must have been a fiasco. But with her it was impossible to do anything but watch. At one moment she seemed to be dancing a story. She came toward him and retreated and swung to right and left, and then her fancy seemed to break away from the story, and she was dancing like a child in sheer merriment and gayety. The passengers on a late bus hustling down Park Lane looked on amazed. A policeman on the other side of the road seemed doubtful if it was his duty to stop her. To and fro she went, swaying in rhythmic gesture, her whole body alive with vivid, throbbing movement. Then the rhythm of her dancing quickened. Her feet flickered like shadows on the pavement. And still the measure quickened; until, with the stamp of a gray heel on the pavement, she stopped defiantly a yard in front of him and the dance was ended.

'"Bravo," said Philip, "bravo!"

'"I never dance," said she, as though evading his compliment, "except for my friends. I want to count you among my friends. May I?"

'"It's an honor to be elected," said Philip.

'"Now we must go back," said she.

'"Oh!" said Philip disappointed. "I do like you for doing that," he said.

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'"You are n't shocked?" she asked him. "When I meet people I want to be friends with, I always want to be friends quickly. And because my dancing 's the best thing about me, I like to dance for them."

'At that they turned and walked side by side back toward the square. The girl put her hand lightly on his arm.

'"Promise to dance again for me when next we meet," said Philip.

'"Over hill over dale,"

she chanted lightly,

'"Thorough bush, thorough brier,--

And who can tell which it may be? You see I'm working to be a professional. But father does n't like the idea and he has expected me to stay at home a good deal since my mother died. You won't find me often at dances. But when we meet again, yes, I'll dance for you, surely."

'"I shall keep you to your promise," said Philip. "I shall come up to you, wherever I find you, and I shall say — 'Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?' and you, like Rosaline, must answer —'Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?' and then and there you must dance for me."

'By now they were back at the house, where the ball was being held. The opening bars of a valse were creeping out through the windows. In the distance a clock struck one.

'"Ding dong bell," said she. "Playtime 's ended."

'Philip said she stood for a moment at the top of the steps and gave him her hand rather shyly. And then, almost before he could take it, she drew it away and they were mounting the stairs together demurely and another partner had caught her and she was gone.'

Oliver Dane got up from the window seat and came across and took a cigarette from the table and lit it.

'Philip made the whole thing awfully vivid to me,' he said, half apologetically, 'and I've never forgotten it. But it 's rather difficult to tell a story second hand.'

He sat down again by the window, and the glow of the cigarette lit up his face as he leaned back against the arm of the window seat.

II

'I'm off,' said Tom. 'Are you coming my way, Ivan? It's awful late. I should have bolted before, only I thought Oliver was going to explain why Delia always dances nowadays in black, curse her. Is n't there enough black in London without having to go to a music hall to see it?"

Ivan, sitting in the armchair on the other side of the table, did n't move.

'He was killed afterwards, was n't he, Oliver?' he said.

'Yes,' said Oliver. 'I was going to tell you about it.'

Tom, on his way to pick up his cap and belt from a side table, stopped and turned round. He looked puzzled.

'Are you going to explain why Delia dances in black or are you not?' he said.

'Wait and hear,' said Ivan. 'I'll give you a lift home afterwards. My mother said she 'd send the car for me.'

Tom put back his belt and sat down again a little impatiently in his chair, fidgeting with his cap upon his knees. Ivan poured out a drink for himself and Tom, turned out the lamp and lit a cigarette.

'Go on, Oliver,' he said.

Oliver came across to the table again and slowly poured himself out a whiskey and soda. Then he returned to his seat by the window, and for a few moments there was silence in the room.

'I did n't see very much of Philip that winter. He went to a different company directly we came out of the

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trenches, and I did n't know any of the fellows in his mess well. But about May he went home on a week's leave, and, when he came back, the battalion was in rest at Bethune and all the companies were messing together. Coming back from leave's always far worse than going out for the first time, and I could see that Philip was simply miserable. He was happier when we got back into the trenches again, and he seemed to be more confident too. His first month out at the front, he said, he really had n't an idea of what went on the other side of our wire. But now he used to volunteer constantly for patrol work and spend half the night out between the lines. He told me once that it all came from a night when he had been sent out to clear up a derelict trench that joined on to one of our saps. His company had to occupy it the next morning, while another battalion did an attack on the left. That night's work, he said, showed him how little danger there was in going out at night; and it gave him a taste for the excitement of night work, too. But I don't think that altogether accounted for the change. He was always at his best up in the line — seemed to forget himself altogether. Back in billets he was restless and rather morose sometimes. I saw a lot of him about then. He took to me, I think. I don't know why. I was younger than he was, of course; and you know what a difference a few years make when one's fresh down from the 'Varsity. But that may have been a reason for it. In some ways he himself was rather like a child puzzled by the war and the life we were leading out there. Anyway he always seemed to like talking to me. But he never talked very freely until the night before he died.

'We were somewhere up behind Richebourg that night, and Philip's company was for it just before dawn. The ruins of a farm in front of our line had to be taken — I've forgotten its name now. He and I were sitting together over a brazier and thinking, as everyone thinks on such nights, of home.

'"Do you remember the girl I told you about that night at Cuinchy?" said Philip suddenly to me.

'"Yes," I said.

'"I met her again when I was back on leave last month," said he.

'I said nothing, and waited for him to tell me more if he felt inclined. The light of the brazier lit up his face dimly and I could see that he was wrestling with his memories and wondering whether to set them free.

'"I wrote to her," he said at last, "as soon as I got back to London, and I heard from her. Her father, she said, had got some job or other behind the line here, and she had been left free at last to devote herself to dancing. She and I dined together one evening, and as I was seeing her home, 'Are you going to dance for me,' I said, 'before I go back to France?'"

'"'I'd love to,' said she, 'only my piece won't have started properly before you go back. But we've got a rehearsal on Friday. If you'd like to come to that, I'll dance you a farewell.'"

'"Friday," said Philip, "was my last night in England, and I told her indeed I would come."

'He dined alone, he said, in some little Soho restaurant, and after dinner he strolled round to the stage door of the theatre. He'd never been to a rehearsal before, and sitting there in the trench, with an hour at least to go before he had to be ready to start, he gave me a minute account of what had happened.

'There was a taxi waiting outside the door, and a small group of men with cigarettes in their mouths were

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waiting to go in for their evening's work. A chorus girl was gossiping with a soldier. Philip went through the door and gave his name to the doorkeeper sitting by the entrance. The man had orders, he said, to let him in and led him across a corner of the stage and told him to sit down anywhere he liked in the stalls.

'He pulled aside the covering from a seat near the centre gangway, sat down and looked about him. There were a few people sitting in the stalls on his left, and he could see some girls laughing and talking in one of the boxes. On the stage men in shirt sleeves were laboriously drawing up a wooden boat with a painted sail. On the right others were setting the front of an inn, and there was a hitch over the chestnut tree which was supposed to stand over it. One branch had caught across another and a man was calling to have it raised and lowered again. In front a boy was laying out the sheet of a new lyric from the orchestra.

'Gradually other men came into the theatre. The producer appeared on the stage and gave some directions in a loud voice. A man, who appeared to be the manager, came and sat in the stalls in front of him. Others came round him, taking directions from him or discussing the changes which had to be made at the last moment in the revue. The musicians came up, one by one, into the orchestra. Then a scene was played. The leading lady, singing hardly above a whisper for the sake of resting her voice, moved to and fro in time to the music, while the chorus danced in support of her. Several times she stopped the orchestra to have some point in the scene changed or to repeat the movement of a dance until the chorus were in accord. A man on Philip's left sat with a watch in his hand, recording how long each part of the performance was going to take.

'The scene ended and a comedian in plain clothes came on for the next. The leading lady came round from the stage to discuss the piece with the manager. Her dresser sat holding a glass in front of her while she plaited her hair afresh, talking and laughing merrily while her fingers moved. Girls from the chorus came and sat in rows on Philip's left, putting up their feet on the seats in front of them. Then Philip heard a voice behind him say:

'"Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?" Philip made room for her beside him and she sat down. She was wearing a cloak, but he had glimpses of a silver dancing dress beneath it.

'"I wish you were n't going back to-morrow," she said. "But I don't know, really. There's only one place for men at present, and that's with the infantry in France. It's harder for women to choose. Sometimes I wonder if I ought to have gone for a nurse. I nearly went and worked at munitions once. But at the last moment it seemed better to stick to dancing. I can dance, and I'm not sure I can do anything else half so well. At first I thought the war was going to take all the joy out of dancing. But somehow it has n't. It's shaken off so many of the old chains. And it's put me on my mettle. Here's death challenging us all, and dancing's my defiance. So while there's room and time for dancing——"

'She threw her hands apart with an expressive gesture.

'"Good," said Philip.

'"I asked you to come to-night," she said, "because dancing was the best farewell I could give you. We often play, you know, at rehearsal, but to-night I'm going to dance really and truly. I shan't say good-bye to you first, and I shan't come and say good-bye to you afterwards. There's noth-

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ing left of me when I've finished dancing. Besides, I can't say things as well as I can dance them. You'll understand, won't you?"

'Philip nodded. She spoke, he said, of her dancing almost reverently, as though it were a thing apart and greater than herself. He understood; but before he could answer —

'"Let's have Miss Earle's dance next," he heard the manager say in front of him. "Are you there, Miss Earle?" he called out, looking round for her.

'She put her hand on Philip's for a moment as she passed him. He glanced up at her. She had the same whimsical, understanding look on her face that he had intercepted once across a dinner table in Grosvenor Square. Only to-night the excitement of her coming dance shone through it, and, as she went forward to speak to the manager, the gold gleamed in the mass of her hair.

'The conductor joined her for a moment, and she seemed from the gesture of her hands, to be giving him instructions about the music for her dance. Then she went quickly along a line of stalls and disappeared at the back of the boxes.

'The orchestra turned over her music. The conductor gave them a few instructions. She came on to the stage from the left, up to the footlights, and putting her arms across her face to shade her eyes from their glare, and speaking to the conductor:

'"Real dancing to-night," she warned him.

'I don't know how to convey to you properly the description Philip gave me of that last dance of hers. He himself could n't get the words he wanted, though he forgot everything else while he was talking to me — "like a dying man to dying men," I remember thinking. And it's bound to sound cold and formal at second hand. But it was clear what an extraordinary impression her dance had made on him. You can't tell what a man's anchors are till he's up against death, and I doubt if Philip had ever been anchored properly to anything. A man looking for anchorage — that was one of the first impressions I had of him. But it was amazing the effect this girl's dancing had had. I should have laughed if I'd heard the story from anyone else's lips. But I'm sure from the way he spoke about it that he felt it to be the one real thing he had come across.

'It's no use my trying to give you his account of her dancing that night in his own words. All I can do is to give you the picture of it that his account has left on my mind. He made it extraordinarily real to me. I'm not sure if I can convey any of that reality to you.

'The dance opened with a slow and leisurely movement that she marked with clear and finished steps. Passing to and fro across the stage, with the least touch of mischief and expectancy in the firm carriage of her head, she seemed to be watching her steps, emphasizing their precision and careful lest they should slip for a moment out of the delicate and formal texture of her dance. To and fro she went, backward and forward, and then, almost insensibly, as though a new spirit were blowing through the bars of that strict measure, her feet began to quicken upon the boards and her body to join their quickened movement.

'To and fro she went, backward and forward: but now it was as though she were straining at the leash of the music instead of following, leading it on a magical quest in search of color and of life. To and fro she went in a quick swaying measure. The gilded theatre and its scenery had vanished. Winds from a greater world than theirs

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were breathing into the gleaming circle of her dance. And still the music, falling further and further into the background, quickened its pace; while her sweet and vital body, like a spirit of gay, melodious laughter, hovered and poised and quivered above it.

'Again the dance slowed, returned to an echo of its opening. Again she seemed to be watching her own flying steps, but this time watching lest any fragment of the bright life of the dance should escape her dominion. Forward she went like a queen, and like a queen again drew back, and for a moment stayed her steps. Then she was off in final surrender to the swift challenge and adventure of her dancing. Her feet ran like foam driven by the wind. Life itself seemed caught into the fire of her quick traveling spirit, as she moved, a darting patch of color, flung to and fro across the web of the music. And then, when that glowing passion of rhythm had brimmed, brimmed to a bright sea of heavenly dancing, she stopped and for a moment stood poised, and with a gesture that seemed to take her dance and scatter it like spray into the surrounding darkness, suddenly she was fled.'

. . . . . .

Oliver leaned out of the window, and for a moment the other two watched him in silence. Then he began his story again:

'Philip got up and went away,' he said, 'to get ready for the attack. Ivan has heard this part of the story before. We watched his party start out into the darkness; and presently, waiting behind there in the trench, we saw the flash and burst of bombs ahead of us, and lights sailed up from the German front line; and then machine guns opened and we gave them back rapid fire from our line. Gradually the firing became spasmodic and presently it died away. And a messenger came back from Philip to say they'd got the post and wanted nothing but some more wire to carry on with. A thick fog came on about dawn, and in the mist we heard bombing start again in the direction of the farm and the sound of revolver shots. And suddenly as these got fewer, a single cry, clear and triumphant, came ringing through the fog — "Delia!"

. . . . . .

'Two days later my company took the farm again and held it. I happened to be one of the first to enter, and I found Philip lying face downward behind a low fragment of wall, his arms drawn sharply into his sides. There was a knot of dead Germans in front of him in the grass — they looked almost like a group of waxworks lying there in their gray uniforms. I think Philip must have caught them with his revolver, just before he died. This was his. I took it off his body that day and his people sent it back to me as a keepsake.'

Oliver held up his hand and showed the luminous dial of his wrist watch. The others leaned forward, staring at the round patch of light that shone faintly in the darkness of the room. All three men were silent, thinking each in his own fashion of the ties, weightless and invisible, that bind the hearts of men. And in their minds the picture of that ruined farm changed to and fro with the sight of the stage where they had watched a solitary black figure dance that evening.

Ivan crossed to the window, and looked out with Oliver into the night. The grinding noise of a train broke through the silence. It died away, and the footsteps of a passer-by grew faint down the street. Overhead was a clear sweep of cloud and stars. Here and there beyond the river the black outline of a factory chimney rose against the sky. All about them lay the

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glimmering darkness of London. The drifting lights of a barge, half discerned and constantly hidden, were passing down with the tide. Below the window the tall trees stood still and silent, with hanging and compassionate branches. A clock behind them in the room struck one.

The Cornhill Magazine

There was a pause, and then Ivan got up.

'I was waiting for Big Ben to strike,' he said, 'I forgot ——'

'Damn the war,' said Tom. 'Good-night, Oliver.'

He took his cap and coat and Ivan followed him out of the room.

SOME MEMORIES OF MALTA

BY CAMILLE CHEMIN

FAITHFUL to the traditions of the 'hospitalers' of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Malta has been called during this war the nurse, the grand hospitaler of Malta.

The huge hall, close on three hundred yards long, with its friezes adorned with armorial bearings, in the old hospital at Valetta, which once saw the Knights of Saint John, in the heroic times of the Turkish invasions, care for the wounded companions of Villiers de l'Isle Adam or the fever-stricken travelers on their way back from Egypt or the Holy Land, has now seen, side by side with the glorious Anzacs of Gallipoli and the English evacuated from Mesopotamia or Jerusalem, our Annamites or Malgaches, who had come to work on the French front, Serbs fresh from their awful exodus, our mutilated soldiers or our typhoid fever cases from Salonica.

Around the old historic hospital and the lazarets founded by the Grand Master Lascaris, the hospitals have sprung up in large numbers during these hundred years of salutary English administration, and it was in the roomy Poor House Hospital, on the hill, near the Mussulman cemetery, near the leprosy hospital (close on one hundred and eighty lepers are still cared for in Malta), it was at Poor House Hospital, I say, that I went to see our poor dead fellows — an awful sight, alas! unrecognizable as they were, after the explosion of the Saint Laurent in the bay of Marsamuscetto. It was in that other bright hospital, near Fort Saint Elmo, with its loggia-like galleries overlooking the sea or an inner courtyard ablaze with flowers that, when visiting our sick, I was often welcomed by the calm smile of kindly 'sisters,' and the smiling humor of old English doctors. Near the mighty ramparts, on the dazzling heights, above a stone field sown with dusty cactus, rises the white façade of Cotonera Hospital, whence the patients, looking through the sun-bathed arcades, over a platband set with carnations, anthemis, and geraniums, can take in the blue width of the sea, and, rising one above the other in the golden light, the far-off domes, the bastions of the port, the campaniles

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and the towers, magnified and transfigured by its glow, like the fabulous cities, and fairy colonnades the divine Turner piles up in the effulgent splendor of his canvas. It was there I went to see the French consul, who had recently undergone a serious and delicate operation. The good old English doctor who had operated on him came to me with the fine hearty laugh of a country gentleman; that big, rather rough fellow was merely one of the greatest surgeons of the English hospitals.

The finest of these hospitals, the one which interested us the most in the French navy, was the Bighi hospital, the severe colonnade of which overlooks the entrance to the Great Port. Its situation is unique. Napoleon, in June, 1798, during his short occupation of the island, the naval importance of which he well knew, had intended to settle in the palace. It has been extended and modernized, and is now an immense hospital, big enough to have taken in all the wounded or sick of the English fleet. It was there, too, that our little mutilated or anæmic sailors, and with them the survivors of the countless torpedoings in our merchant navy (so hard hit, so reduced by these four years pitiless submarine warfare!) found a kindly refuge, and had their sufferings healed or alleviated. It was a hospitable abode which our Frenchmen will remember with emotion and gratitude, an abode of Anglo-French fraternity where the finely tempered or rough minds of our men learned to love, in the affectionate, smiling devotion of the doctors and nurses, the admirable humanity of the English civilization. An entrancing abode to the eyes of young convalescents, especially in the light of the mild winters, in the pleasant warmth of the early springs!

An English vedette, or a *djhaisa*, a kind of Maltese gondola, puts you down at the foot of a yellowish rock, to which cactus clings, and by one of those interminable climbing streets, so frequent in those quarters of the town perched upon rocky spurs, you mount up to the entrance at the top, where two good old policeman salute you with the honest growl of two vigilant watch dogs.

An Italian pergola, covered with vines and glycine, runs toward gardens of which a glimpse can be seen at the bottom. Between the laboratories, there are orchards, which it requires great art and perseverance to keep up on that naked, burning rock, but orchards all the same, with slender peach trees or pomegranate trees in blossom, and lemon trees in which the bright yellow of the ripe melons creates a feast for the eyes. Glimpses can be caught, on the left, of the bay of Calcara and the ancient ramparts of Fort San Angelo which cuts across the roadstead like the stem of a boat, on the right, of the bamboo posts and antennæ of Rinella, the wireless station. I go in, on the right, to the pavilion of the Deputy Surgeon General, who has a fine clean-shaven face, lit up by a wide forehead and eyes full of intelligent kindness. I ask about one of our men whose state is growing worse, or I settle matters for the burial of a poor dead fellow, with guards so ready to do us a service, and spare us the formalities of the Maltese administration. Then I go into the pavilion opposite. It is the quiet home of the sisters and the matron, Miss Clerk. She welcomes me with a bright smile, in her silver gray dress, and a face still young in spite of the whitening hair surrounded by the spotless whiteness of the cap. She guides me, smiling and gay like Charity, through the long wards; here is the fever ward, where one of our *lieutenants de vaisseau* who a short time

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ago was with the naval artillery at Verdun, is being looked after, and is slowly getting over that long intermittent typhoid fever called Maltese fever. He is better to-day, and jokes with Miss Clerk. With charming French irony he relates to her stories of horror at the front, and speaks of awful days, and Miss Clerk shudders, secretly admiring the bravery of this slight young Frenchman joking about yesterday's sufferings.

We are in an exterior gallery in which there are lines of beds containing consumptive patients, for tuberculosis quickly gains ground on warships. The patients are placed with their faces toward the light, in the open air, and are protected from the damp night air by mats made of raffia. I recognize our men by their anxious questioning looks, I talk with them affectionately. A charming sister who talks French very prettily goes about among them, quick and lively as hope. She speaks of France to all these Frenchmen; she has lived in Brittany, in Provence; one of the men is from a village in the Esterel, she does not know the village, but she has been through the Esterel; another is from 'Pantruche'; she does not know 'Pantruche,' but she knows Paris well, for she has spent two years there. One of our sailors, harder hit, speaks with a dreadfully hoarse voice. He has often been told it is bronchitis, but now he shrugs his shoulders, and smiles a weary smile of disbelief. He tells me, in his hoarse tones: 'It 's not that one 's not comfortable here, one could n't be better off, but I'd like to go back to France by the first boat.' He is a Rochefort man, and wants to go back to Rochefort. 'These poor consumptive fellows are all the same,' says a big, kindly English doctor as he goes past; 'mind he is a hundred times better off here than he could be in France in the cold and rain; that three days' crossing and the long railway journey would exhaust him, but he is homesick like all of them.'

I go on, still accompanied by Miss Clerk, to see another of our sailors, a mechanic who has had his right side and his face burned on his gun boat by a jet of steam from a burst boiler tube. He is swathed in cotton-wool and bandages, and his face is quite hidden: 'Can't speak,' says the burnt mouth, and only the eyes can be seen smiling. Miss Clerk admires these quiet, silent fellows who never complain, who are retiring and gentle in their suffering. And she points to a poor stoker who has had his leg broken by the bursting of the torpedo of a submarine, whose thigh has had to be amputated, and who is going to die. She bends over all this suffering with grave pity, she knows but a few words of French, and is sorry not to be able to give better comfort, so she makes great efforts to learn our language with a good old French *institutrice* whom she has discovered in the island. She speaks to me of her halting efforts, and smiles: 'All your sailors before leaving hospital know more English than I shall ever know French, poor me!'

And she goes onward, with her white cap floating in the breeze, to the terrace and the almost perpendicular garden overlooking the roadstead. As she passes, the convalescents, in their regulation blue uniforms stand up, take their pipes out of their mouths, and salute or growl out a hearty 'good evening.'

Our eyes roam over the sapphire expanse, more magnificent still in the evening, over which pink vapors float, skimming over the surface of the sea in the distance. At the entrance to the port, between Fort Saint Elmo and Fort Ricasoli, between the two arms of the jetty, there are fine Eng-

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lish destroyers, long and slender, coming in like arrows with a proud graceful sweep, and dashing straight up to their mooring station and stopping almost dead. Ours are coming in as well, looking so humble beside them, with their iron work worn out and their boilers broken winded after hundreds of hours' steaming, after days and nights convoying or patrolling. Miss Clerk asks their names,— the Hallebarde, the Carabine, the Arbalète,— for, after all, in the evening, with their broad French flag spreading out in the wind created by their speed, the old warriors have still a proud appearance. She would like to visit the majestic Courbet, come to be careened, and reigning over the port with her formidable turrets and her elegant power. She wonders at our splendid cruisers — she saw fourteen of them together in 1915 in the waters of Malta — so *svelte* and so strong, 'the image of France,' says she. And here there comes from the open sea, with huge clouds of smoke, a white mass, belted with green, it is the France IV with her red crosses, our mighty liner, turned into a giant hospital ship, writing her upper works on the red of the sky before the cannon is fired and the port shut. And Miss Clerk, with beating heart and her hand shading her eyes, stands on tiptoe among the aloes, and the huge white vessel slowly enters the pass, and steers round into the purple glory of the setting sun; the gleaming wall and the giant funnels are before us, overtopping everything, making the cargo boats and transports anchored at Fish Market look like children's playthings. 'How grand! how beautiful!' I hear Miss Clerk murmur. She has already been over that wonderful floating hospital containing fifteen hundred beds, on which sometimes eighteen hundred or two thousand wounded are brought back from Salonica. She would like to go over it again. She loves France and French things so well, not the pleasure-seeking, effeminate, weak France which already is nothing but a legend for her, but warlike France, strong and generous France.

The cannon thunders from the old fort, and clouds of fire float up into the sky; pink-colored, then lilac-colored bands hang for a moment around the battlements of the old bastions and the old cupolas, then suddenly everything is extinguished and a thrill runs through the air. We cross the great courtyards and the gardens where convalescents are lingering. A flute plays in the twilight which has all at once taken the place of the fairy light of the sinking sun. A flute plays a French air, 'Madelon'; I am not mistaken, it is a little sailor from the Michelet, who, three days' sail from France, is soothing his homesickness and that of others, that of the brave Jack tars who surround him and take up the chorus together. How strange and touching it is, the music of this flute which, on this African island, recalls the great war six hundred leagues to the north!

Miss Clerk dreams for an instant, then rapidly crosses the sleeping gardens; she stoops to gather an armful of white irises that to-morrow morning will adorn the wards of her dear wounded soldiers, and in the blue shades of evening I can see nothing but the wings of her white cap trembling with the white petals of the great flowers.

I met this sweet energetic lady for the first time at the Maison du Marin.

A kind-hearted naval chaplain had opened a rest-house for all our sailors and soldiers, a humble house by the side of Sailor's Rest, the splendid Y.M.C.A. huts, provided here, as elsewhere, with reading rooms, billiard rooms, bath rooms, and what not. A

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French idea, generously French, without any sectarian motive, any secret proselytizing idea. Ah! the war has singularly widened our ideas and our hearts, or rather it has given an unparalleled opportunity to men's minds to be wide, to their hearts to show all their worth. Are people who enter here asked if they are Protestants or Catholics, if they believe or do not believe? It matters not, they are all brave French fellows who were sailing yesterday on the wide blue sea, and whom she will wrap to-morrow, perhaps, in her great blue shroud. These come from Senegal, those, on our big new destroyers, like the Tonkinois or Somali, are incessantly patrolling or escorting merchant ships from Toulon to Bizerta, from Malta to Piræus, from Milo to Salonica; others, on a cruiser at Corfu to-day, will embark to-morrow on a mine-layer in the Canal of Otranto, or at the mouth of the Dardanelles. They go by laughing, and their laughter and jokes fill the market and the shops of the shy, amused Maltese; ten days' careening or boiler repairing is always so much saved from the enemy.

Here in this calm, cool house, sheltered from the sun that glares down upon the squares and in the blinding stony country, there are books, amusing books, books of travels, writing materials, for writing to far-distant brothers, to the old parents whom one will not see for twelve or fifteen months, perhaps; here are draughtboards and chessmen, a cup of hot coffee in winter, cooling drinks and lemonade in summer. All that for nothing and cigarettes into the bargain. It was in the chaplain's drawing room, while talking with an English Commodore, leaving the next day for Moudros on the Heron, who was relating to one of our Capitaines de frégate, in command of the Mousqueton, how the Osmanieh was torpedoed, that I was presented to Miss Clerk. She was listening attentively, with a far-off smile on her lips, as if she were astonished. Here eyes were so clear that I thought she was thirty, but with an honest, ingenuous gesture, she pointed to her gray hair.

Beside her was seated Miss Night, arguing, tossing her head, laughing as heartily as could be. She, too, was a matron in another hospital, at l'Auberge d'Aragon, the lying-in and children's hospital. Being the daughter of an English father and a half French, half Irish mother, she sprang from English to French with amusing virtuosity, giving her conversation in our tongue a racy flavor with her striking images, queer sayings, and unexpected slang. She said, for instance: 'You may be sure I cared as much about it as I did about my first night-dress,' 'It shone like a black pudding in a lantern.' Miss Clerk laughed on trust, seeing us laugh. Ah! she was a fine woman, not by any means a prude, who was not afraid of life. She had seen all kinds of things in 1899 in the Transvaal, then in India, at Madras, at Rangoon, famine and cholera and the fever of those suffocating Indian summers; she had tended all kinds of men, too, negroes, lascars, Australians, Boers, Malayans, and Chinese. She had especially looked after soldiers, whom she loved above all with her stout, warrior's heart. She was sorry not to have any in her hospital. In her active life, in different climates, face to face with the eternal greatness and the eternal misery of mankind, her heart had been tried and strengthened. She left prudery and shocked exclamations to others. Life is life with all its ugliness, but with its bravery and its sacrifices. How we liked her! She tended with the same measure of devotion all the little ones in her ward,

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the illegitimate as well as the legitimate ones; the majority of the former being *the little things they left behind them!* Bah! the nippers would be brought up, and turned into men, into good, useful workers, or soldiers. She was a nurse, an English colonial woman after Kipling's heart, he who never understood and loved any but strong women.

And now the series of torpedoings is beginning again. We are quiet for three months, and then there are seven or eight of them every day, five English cargo boats, three French ones sent to the bottom. And the torpedo boats and coasters bring us in lots of half-naked, gray-faced, shivering men, still haggard after the silent drama, the sinister drowning in the middle of the night, in the open sea. The English are amazing, and we owe them more than we can tell, What is to be done with our survivors, with the means at our disposal? But those fine motor-lorries of the English A.S.C. are there drawn up in a line, and they pick everyone up in half an hour, men, women, and children, and carry them off to a camp prepared beforehand, where, in comfortable tents, the weary bodies are stretched out, take a rest, and recover.

There are also the big transports for the colonial troops from Tonkin and Madagascar; pursued by submarines, delayed by long stops, or by breakdowns, they bring us loads of men exhausted and run down after forty-three days at sea. In the crowd of Malgach or Annamite military passengers, sickness spreads like fire in dry wood.

Dysentery, tuberculosis, and cerebro-spinal meningitis rage, and every day I accompany to the cemetery of Ta-Braxia two or three poor colonials whom their emaciated fever-stricken comrades have much difficulty in escorting in the burning dust. Some of them stumble and fall, and our sailors have to bring them round on the white roadside.

As for the victims made by submarines, they are taken to the cemetery near Bighi, to the Capuccini where they will sleep under the sparse olive trees, in tombs hollowed out in the rock, near the French sailors. Here are our dead, the long row of white marble tombstones: men killed on the Provence, the Athos, sailors who have died of sickness or from accidents on the Vergniaud, the Jean-Bart, or the Mirabeau. I have counted more than seventy of them. Pious English hands, the brotherly good will of our allies and friends have helped us in these funeral ceremonies, in this care for our dead. On this Maltese island, in the heart of the Mediterranean, they sleep together in a corner of France.

I go back to Miss Clerk's. She has gathered together a few friends and some children. She has shown me the rooms decorated for next Christmas with many-colored garlands, flags, and flowers. It is wished that the wounded, so far from home, should not feel their exile, and should share in the traditional general joy. Poor fellows, Christmas after Christmas they delude themselves: 'Next Christmas, we'll eat the pudding in England.' They repeat that this year, too, but without much conviction, for the war seems to them as if it were to be endless.

There are men wounded on our last ship torpedoed; thirty or so now; there were more, but they have gone to join their French comrades in the white cemetery at Bighi. Miss Clerk has no words to praise these Frenchmen; those remained in the water for thirty-eight hours; this one had his hand carried off in the explosion, the other his eyes

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put out. She tried to console them in the few French words she knew: 'You'll soon go home to France'; and it was they who, with their gayety, their brave joking, made her forget.

In Miss Clerk's mind a slow evolution has taken place. Before the war she never felt any hostility for the French, whom she knew to be intelligent, artistic, and witty; but she shared the old, confused, ineradicable prejudices and now she finds that the people whom she once thought to be boastful are modest people, who laugh at their misfortunes — courageous ones who for years past have been fighting on every front, from the East to the West, with never a complaint. 'It has to be,' they say simply.

I was told of a brave young fellow, a wounded officer. Here he is, limping along, with a smile on his lips. He will have tea with us. He has been here for two months and has picked up a little English. He speaks in a mixture of the two languages, in which he puts in the place of missing words expressive gestures, a whirl of his stick, a whistle; he imitates shrapnel bursting, the roar of the 75's, of the *minenwerfer*, the tac-tac of the machine guns, the long watch in the trenches, in a tree, the storming of a fort, the rush for a shell-hole. He is the son of a Montrouge baker, and tells me how he has been tossed about since the beginning from one front to the other, from Champagne to Verdun, then to Salonica, where he caught typhoid fever; then he was evacuated *via* Corfu and Italy: 'It's bad luck, all the same, not to have been able to enjoy a fine voyage like that. I went through Rome, and saw nothing but the station and a ruined viaduct in the country.' The simple fellow expresses this regret. A sergeant hitherto, he won his commission in Artois. He was at the taking of Monastir. He whispers to me that we had scarcely any men, a mere curtain. If the Bulgars had known it, they would have broken through our front as easy as cutting butter. He does not know how he came out of it; he was there, with his revolver in his hand, standing up among the men falling around him; he did not understand; miraculously, this time again, he escaped without a scratch. He was to have had the Cross, but it had been forgotten, y' know. He had been called back to the Somme, when he was torpedoed; no luck! 'What surprises me is to be here speaking to you at this moment.' The boat sank like a stone; he had felt his leg broken in the fall; he did not know how to swim, and clutched at a plank, the instinct of self-preservation. 'I held on, my boy. Then I lost consciousness. I opened my eyes only in this hospital.'

Miss Clerk tries to follow the story, and asks me what he means by his last sentence: 'Il n'y a que ma sacrée patte.' His leg was broken in three places, and after being set it had become shorter. 'Lucky anyhow to get off so easily,' he says with a malicious smile. 'I've seen a lot of 'em,' he repeats, passing his hand over his eyes to call up so many landscapes and men: Serbs, Bulgars, the mountains of Albania, les Eparges and the plains of livid mud. And then his eyes see once again the little shop in the rue d'Alésia where his wife and daughters are waiting for him. He is going to take up his humble labor again: he, an officer. He does not think he is coming down. He has done his task without any vainglory. He rejoices only at having things to tell over there.

Miss Clerk knows he is a baker; formerly, with her ideas of classes, of gentlemen, she would not have understood; but she has understood: a man is a gentleman when he is a brave, kind-hearted fellow, and then the

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French become gentlemen so easily. This one is attentive and affectionate; he has a kind of instinctive tact, the mysterious instinct of gestures, of inflections of the voice, and of smiles.

There are little children at Miss Clerk's, the daughters of a clergyman in the hospital, and turbulent boys, the sons of the surgeons, and all these youngsters make a fearful row. Miss Clerk's fox terrier makes one of the band.

The lieutenant is the biggest child of all; lying on an Oriental carpet, he is the Man-Mountain whom they have to climb. Gulliver stands up, and lifts them up to the ceiling. There is a fair little girl, the daughter of a French Commissaire de la Marine. The others take advantage of her being there to practise their French.

'Volez-vous jouer cartes avec nous?' and the little French girl, blushing but proud, replies: 'We play wiz you.'

They play with comic cards, in which the scattered members of very grotesque families have to be gathered together. The little English children have to ask in French. 'Havez-vous Madam Bones, la femme du boucher?' and the lieutenant asks in his turn: 'Have you got Master Bun, the baker's son?' with a pronunciation funnily distorted. 'The baker's son,' murmurs he, winking toward me, 'that's me!' and he smothers a laugh behind his cards.

I have just seen Miss Night in her hospital, l'Auberge d'Aragon. I waited for her in the cool galleries opening on to a fountain and palm trees. I hear Miss Night's gay voice singing: 'Dodo l'enfant do,' and here she comes with a delicate little baby in her arms.

'It's my baby,' she says bursting into a laugh, 'I found it on my doorstep.' She keeps on laughing, and I am still puzzled.

The mystery is cleared up. 'The wife of the French engineer was so proud of her twins, dear little things! She had taken a Maltese nurse, as she could n't give them both the breast. But one fine morning the nurse cleared out. The hot time was coming and it is so bad for children in this country. The poor lady was as much lost as a hen with one chicken—I went to see her just then; I took the poor little suffering creature in my arms and brought it away, and here it is. It's quite simple.' Of course.

'Dodo, l'enfant do,' Miss Night continues to sing in motherly tones, rocking the child, somewhat pale in this stifling July weather, but still healthy, and about to sleep. And she kisses this little French child on the forehead as if it were her own flesh.

Anglo-French fraternity is something more than a mere word.

La Revue France

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COAL AND HEALTH

BY DR. C. W. SALEEBY, F.R.S.E.

BACK from the pellucid air of Washington and of New York, where the burning of soft coal is forbidden, to the long-detested dirt of London! We have little enough sunlight, but we use the sunlight of long-past ages, which made our coal, to obscure and defile the exiguous sunlight of to-day; while, aided by artificial light, we peer over schemes for the 'sanatorium relief' of tuberculosis, despising and defeating the light of day, which is the incomparable antiseptic against that rapidly-increasing disease. Customarily, as since the beginning of the century, one waits until the first disgusting fog of November suggests that the time has come to make another public attack upon the dirt wherewith the face of London is blackened; but we cannot afford to wait until November now. For this dirt, 'matter in the wrong place,' is part of the capital wealth of our country, infinitely worse than wasted by the feeble-minded inertia with which we misuse it to our destruction. To my year-long appeals as a hygienist is now added the overwhelmingly cogent argument of national economy. Even if the crude combustion of coal did no harm, we could not afford to waste it as we do. But surely a demonstration of some of the ways in which the burning of soft coal injures health may help one's fellow citizens to modify their own domestic practice in the fashion which will help to save their own health and their country's wealth.

We are to learn that, properly considered, coal is not a fuel, but a raw material, infinitely more valuable than gold, from which fuel, among a thousand other precious things, may be extracted. If we burn it as a fuel we provide ourselves with a form of fire which, it is said, English people will never abandon, because it is so delightful to look at and sit by. But one can educate one's self in this respect, as I learned to do as a medical student many years ago, from the day on which strolling round the pathological museum of the University of Edinburgh, I came across four lungs, one the pearly-white lung of a new-born infant, another the pearly-white lung of an Eskimo; the third the dirty gray lung of a city dweller; and the fourth the black lung of a coal miner of that period. Ever since that day, when I sit beside a coal fire, I see, not the lovely glow beneath, but the ugly smoke ascending, and that spoils the picture for me. I counsel you, most æsthetic reader, to look always at the smoke of a coal fire, to consider whither it goes, to imagine it defiling the lungs of the nation's children, who should be 'Non Angli sed angeli,' and in a little while you will look upon a coal fire with disgust instead of delight.

It need only be added that even the wonderful resources of the body, such as the white blood cells or phagocytes, the cilia, or 'eye-lashes,' of the cells that line the air passages, and the filtration mechanism of the nose, fail to protect us against this pollution of the atmosphere. Against natural and ancient dangers our bodies are evolved and armed and armored by age-long adaptation, but it is too much to expect them to be equal to modern atmospheric pollution. The cilia do their

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best to lash the smoke particles upward, keeping the air passages clear, the phagocytes carry all they can to the glands at the roots of the lung, whence they can never emerge, and if a swab be applied to the back of any metropolitan throat, phagocytes wearily trying to dispose of smoke particles which they have picked up will be readily found. As for the nose, we blow it and blacken our handkerchief, but even so our lungs get steadily grimier from year to year, and our lives are unquestionably shortened thereby. And all this noxious dirt is part of the nation's wealth, of which we have not nearly enough, which is nowhere being replaced, and for which hosts of men live in the bowels of the earth to extract for our advantage.

Let us try, by means of verbal criticism, to throw a ray of enlightenment through the murk of this subject. We use the word fog to indicate alike the sailor's enemy at sea, and the 'London particular,' or 'pea-souper'— which appeals to a depraved sense of humor. We confound as well as choke ourselves. The sea fog is an aqueous phenomenon, very serious because it obscures vision, but innocent to health. There is no harm in water as such; our bodies are more than three parts water, and all life, even the bird's or the airman's, is lived in water. The sea fog defiles nothing. We met one on the Olympic in May, off the coast of Newfoundland, and I made a point of examining my nose and mouth and linen and skin, in order to satisfy myself of the immaculate nature of pure fog. Such fog must always be where there is water. We Londoners have the irremovable Thames always with us, and will have fogs accordingly. Smoke the abominable is, in its origin, nature, and results, the very opposite of fog. The combination of the two, which is the shame of our British cities, requires a distinctive, and, if possible, ugly name of its own. The best name for the purpose, I think, is 'smog,' and my present argument is that the time has come to make an end of it. The people who say that we shall always have fogs are merely tiresome and vacuous. Of course, we shall always have fogs (unless, indeed, science learns how to dissipate them, as it surely will, for the convenience of land and marine transport); but the enemy of health is not fog, but 'smog,' made by the shameful waste of the nation's inadequate supply of coal.

The green plant, the source of all our food, thrives in and lives by sunlight. The non-green plant, such as the fungi, which include all the bacteria of disease, such as the tubercle bacillus, cannot exist in the sunlight by which the green plant lives. Sunlight feeds the green plant which feeds us; it kills the non-green plant which kills us. The Finsen light, first introduced at the London Hospital from Copenhagen by the agency of Queen Alexandra, illustrates or typifies (whatever the exact details of its action) this directly antiseptic action of sunlight. We are always looking for the best antiseptic. Direct sunlight is incomparably the best, the cheapest, the oldest, and the most natural antiseptic in the world. The destruction of daylight by our present methods of using coal is the most direct possible contribution to the survival of the tubercle bacillus for our own undoing.

Destroying the daylight we destroy ourselves. All kinds of domestic infection, beginning with tuberculosis, which is the worst, and including such things, named at random, as measles and 'spotted fever' and influenza, are further favored by whatever interferes with ventilation. 'Smog' does that, for the housewife cannot really enjoy opening her windows, not only to the

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air of heaven above, but to the blackness and grime which pertain to regions infernal. I will not go into the question of domestic cleanliness and domestic service here, since health is my avowed topic; but the argument for cleanliness against the pollution of the air by coal smoke needs no verbal cunning to convince.

The whole of the case against coal smoke, from the standpoint of public health, has by no means been stated above. There is much to fear, for instance, as regards its influence as an irritant in the production of external and superficial cancers. On the other hand, I do not accept at all the recent theories which connect urban smoke in any significant degree with infant mortality.

The remedy, of course, is to do what the national facts and the final arguments of chemists and engineers require, quite apart from any considerations of health. The obvious course is that which, on principle, I have followed for many years past — never buy or consume an ounce of coal, but burn gas, the convenient fuel which coal yields, instead. Any amount of nonsense has been talked about gas, and, as we are now bound by imperious necessity to practise sense in this matter, we may as well learn to talk sense, too. If the whole of the worst alleged in the interests of health against gas fires were true, as it is not, the indictment would be trivial as compared with that which I have indicated against coal smoke pollution of our air and skin and clothes and food and lungs. Of course, a gas fire needs arrangements for the removal of the products of combustion; what fire does not? There is no more difficulty about making such arrangements in the one case than in the other. Will not all the friends of cleanliness and beauty, who hate the tree trunks blackened even as far as our superb Kew Gardens, join with all the friends of hygiene and hasten the reform, which is also an immense and urgently imperative piece of national economy?

The Telegraph

THE WRECK OF SOVIET FINANCE

THE Bolshevist reversion to capitalist methods of organization, accompanied by a retention of socialistic expropriation, has had the expected results. While it has somewhat increased production, it has materially increased the discontent of workingmen. The last Bolshevist newspapers obtainable report that payment by piece, the chief of the restored 'capitalist' measures, has been enforced in a great number of factories. In the Moscow Industrial District it is in effect in all the four hundred mills which are organized as a state trust in the 'Centro-Textile,' one of the special branch organizations of the Supreme Council of National Industry. The circumstance that very little news of this has appeared in the foreign press is no doubt due to the influence of the Moscow propaganda. Last month the Bolshevist Ruikoff, at present Chief of the Supreme Council, was reproached by another Bolshevist, Alexis Zinovieff (not the Petrograd dictator), for allowing the Norwegian socialists, Puntervold and Stang, to advertise to Europe's workingmen the fact that Bolshevism has had to revert to 'capitalist compulsion and exploitation.' Zinovieff, who is engaged in the propaganda work, complains that his work in enlightening the enslaved proletariat of Europe and America was hampered by the Norwegians' report of Bolshevism's 'alleged revival of capitalism.' As the passage reveals admirably both the Bolshevist attitude toward prop-

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agandist truth and the conflict between capitalist efficiency and communistic disintegration, which rages in all the Supreme Council's nationalized undertakings, I give it in full:

Comrade Lenine's pamphlet, *New Tasks of Soviet Power*, with its brusque recommendation of drastic measures against idle and sabotage-inclined workmen, was not meant for foreign circulation. It would lead ill-informed Bolshevist workmen in Hungary and Germany to believe that the government of People's Commissaries had imposed discipline on the workmen in the financial interests of the Bolshevist state. This is a lamentable delusion. Such publications ought to be included in the ruling, No. 117, February 25, 1919, against letting certain classes of newspapers go abroad.

It is desirable to keep such measures secret from foreigners until success is complete, and until the nationalized economic system is consolidated. Meantime one can report with satisfaction that, firstly, at the four spinning mills at Ivanovo-Vossnessensk, reopened on February 3, strikes were prevented by the firm action of the local Council of Economy, which threatened to stop strikers' rations, to expel the rank and file of the strikers from the town, and to send the inciters for trial by Revolutionary Tribunal. Secondly, the per capita production in the Baltic Works, in the new Russian thread mills, and in two mills of the non-nationalized Prokhoroff factories, increased from between 42 and 67 per cent on establishment of payment by piece. Thirdly, the outlay on wages per unit of production is falling so steadily that if raw material and fuel were available all the greater difficulties of the nationalized system would be overcome.

The wider aims of the soviet nationalization system are indicated in recent statements by Ruikoff and by a writer in *Ekonomitcheskaya Zhizn*, which is the official organ of the Moscow Finance Commissariat. It is stated by Ruikoff that one aim is to force production of the more necessary articles, such as clothing, hardware, and chemicals, at the expense of the less necessary articles. When fuel is short the former are given preference. Another aim, insisted upon in the newspaper mentioned and first programmatically declared by Finance Commissary Krestinsky in his memorandum of October last (attached to the July-December estimates for 1918), is the elimination of money transactions as far as possible. Commenting on the fact that the Supreme Council's estimates for 1920 show a revenue of only 5,818,000,000 rubles, as against 10,976-000,000 rubles expenditure, the deficit being mainly due to the fact that production costs nearly always exceed sale prices, the *Ekonomitcheskaya Zhizn* declares that for Soviet Russia, money is of no importance compared with the dominant interest — the adequate supplying of the population with goods. If production can be forced by printing more paper money and so employing more workmen, then more paper money will be printed; and the ultimate vicious results of an indefinitely increased unbacked paper currency will be ignored. They will, in fact, be avoided, because before the crash comes the factories will be turning out such a quantity of goods that Krestinsky's ideal of barter and payment in kind will be realized. It is true that the unfortunates at present in possession of hoards of paper will find that they possess nothing. Their wealth will have been 'automatically annulled'; but they will be consoled with a liberal supply of costumes, boots, furniture, kitchen utensils, and writing materials from the nationalization horn of plenty. In exchange they will have to give only labor, which they must in any case perform, as work was made compulsory by a decree of last winter. Of course, this paradise will never be achieved. The Supreme Council has not sufficient raw material or fuel, and railway conditions are worse than ever. But the pretense that finance counts for nothing is valuable in view of the condition of soviet finance.

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Concerning the last budget (January–June, 1919), I have not been able to get more information than that the total estimated revenue is 20,355,297,888 rubles, and the total estimated expenditure 49,100,000,000 rubles. The estimate of revenue is almost entirely chimerical, as it contains mass taxes like the levy on the bourgeoisie of October 31 last, which, instead of the 10,000,000,000 rubles entered in the July–December estimates, yielded 270,000,000 rubles net. Quite truthfully *Ekonomitcheskaya Zhizn* ascribes the vast deficit to the drying up of all sources of taxation. M. Demtchinski, a really competent financial writer who works for the Finance Commissariat, openly and somewhat incautiously ascribes this, as far as it concerns taxes, to the annihilation of private industry and the destruction of confidence. The report of the first half year's direct taxation receipts under Bolshevist régime, showed a very heavy deficit. The report for the second half year, July–December, 1918, which is only now available, shows that, as compared with July–December, 1917, the receipts from the industrial tax declined 82 per cent, stamp duties by 74 per cent, duties on sales of personal estate by 96 per cent, on land sales by 93 per cent, and on industrial dividends by 89 per cent. The income tax yield nominally increased by several hundred thousand rubles. Owing, however, to the devaluation of the ruble and the enormous increase in the nominal national income, this really meant a heavy decrease.

In March the Commissariat of Finances issued an instructive circular as to methods of collecting income tax. The circular states that the assessment returns for the city of Moscow altogether reach only 11 per cent of the Commissariat's estimate of probable receipts. It does not attempt to conceal the fact that as the official estimates of the income of Moscow are certainly not unduly high, it must be concluded that about nine tenths of the income is dishonestly concealed from the taxpayers. Months ago the official *Finansi Narodnoe Khozaistvo*, which has since suspended publication owing to lack of paper, declared that only the two provinces, Orel and Saratoff, had regular corps of tax collectors, which worked efficiently and did not hesitate to throw tax shirkers into jail. Elsewhere direct tax collecting is practically left to chance or to the local soviets, which is a proceeding even less fruitful from the Central Government's standpoint.

For months past the Moscow and Petrograd Bolshevist newspapers have been publishing revelations as to the aberrations of these local soviets, which last year received subsidies of 650,000,000 rubles from the Commissariat, which are receiving this year, according to the Berlin *Vremya*, 1,155,000,000 rubles. They are, however, in chronic money difficulties. The revelations show that provincial soviets or their groups have both printed local money, sometimes called 'municipal,' sometimes 'territorial' (*oblastniya*), without the Finance Commissariat's authority; and unauthorized Central Government money printed from forged or stolen plates. They also raise forced loans, and impose forced levies on the bourgeoisie or on the whole population. When Commissary Krestinsky decreed his levy of ten billions on the bourgeoisie of all Soviet Russia, the provincial soviet of Kaluga imposed a local levy of four and a half millions, and collected it so thoroughly that the Central Government's tax collectors, who arrived later, could collect only one million. The soviets have also arbitrarily es-

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tablished in several districts the State Drink Monopoly, abolished after the outbreak of the war; and they have, in defiance of Moscow, pocketed the proceeds. They have also established the system known as *nagrada* (reward), under which local magnates of sound Bolshevist tenets are allowed to collect taxes on the principles of the farmers-general of pre-revolutionary France. A great many other abuses are mentioned in the Bolshevist press. Their exact extent is, however, doubtful.

The general effect of local financing is to make central finance impossible except by the strenuous efforts of the printing machines at Petrograd and Penza. The local soviets do get in a certain small proportion of the paper issued by the Central Government; but to the Central Government there comes back hardly anything. It is notable, however, that the printers' journal, the *Gazeta Petchatnikoff*, publishes detailed figures to show that the monthly output of new credit notes is, contrary to general belief, not increasing. The monthly output of notes in 1918 is given as varying between 1,700,000,000 and 3,350,000,000 rubles. In December the output was only a little higher than in January. If these statistics are correct, the explanation may be found in the Bolshevist system, officially recommended last autumn, of payment with checks and in kind, and this system seems to have been tried with some success. It is equally likely that the statistics are untrue.

As regards finance, the Bolshevist system very nearly fulfills predictions made by the former Finance Minister, M. Shingarioff, in Petrograd in April, 1917. The fatal facility of paper-money printing, he said, would force the Provisional Government to continue it until the country's finances were irretrievably ruined. This would happen, no matter what government was in power. The prediction was fulfilled during the whole of the Lvoff and Kerensky administrations. It follows that among the Bolsheviki's numerous sins cannot be counted their paper finance, which was a *damnosa hereditas* received by the Provisional Government from the autocracy, and by it in turn handed on. The amazing feature is rather that the Bolshevist Government has kept afloat for nearly two years in a bark, which even under Kerensky was falling to bits.

The Morning Post

HIGH PRICES AND PROFITEERING: A BRITISH VIEW OF THE PROBLEM

POLITICAL economy has been so subordinated to doctrinaire propaganda that facts and principles which should be self-evident have to be stated as though they were revelations. This process is badly needed in connection with the present economic crisis. The nation is drifting into a mood of chronic exasperation with the increasing difficulties of living and is falling back upon the primitive device of finding a scapegoat upon whom to vent its ill-humor. In this instance the scapegoat is the 'profiteer.' Far be it from us to say a word in extenuation of the too numerous class of traders who have exploited this period of emergency to their own benefit. But to attribute the present evil of inflated prices solely to the greed of any particular section of the trading community is to show an ignorance of the elementary laws of supply and demand. In the present condition of popular feeling, therefore, truths cannot be made too clear.

There are three basic causes for the rise in prices — the increased cost of production, the depreciation in the

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purchasing value of money, and the universal scarcity of raw materials. For none of these conditions is the profiteer responsible. The situation has been aptly described as a vicious circle. Put another way, the very remedies employed to relieve the strain only serve to intensify the pressure. Of these remedies, the sensational but necessary advance in wages is the most prolific source of trouble. The cost of labor enters into each stage of production. Every addition to the remuneration of the worker is reflected in the transport of the raw material by sea and rail, in the loading and unloading, in the capital outlay on building and machinery, in the wage bill of the factory, in the delivery of the finished article, in the heavier expenses of the wholesaler and, in his turn, of the retailer. This snowball process of accumulating charges has to be met by someone in the end, unless business is to be conducted at a loss; and that someone has invariably to be the consumer. The workman will not toil for an insufficient wage, the employer will not give his time and money without some return, and the middleman and shopkeeper have to pay their way. Who shall say that they are battening upon the necessity of the people? Which class is profiteering—the workers, the employers, or the traders? They are all of them consumers as well as producers and distributors. They have to live and clothe themselves and meet rent and taxes at current rates. The more they ask and secure, the more they have to pay. There never was a plainer illustration of cause and effect.

There must, however, be a limit to the process, or the result will be paralysis. Money ceases to be a token of value when its purchasing power has no relation to the commodity in demand. Trade comes to a standstill when production ceases to be economic. Housing is a case in point. There has been an acute house famine for the last two years. Half a million new habitations would barely meet the present requirements, but there is absolute stagnation in the building trade. The land is there, the bricks are there, and labor is plentiful. But nothing is being done. Local authorities decline to incur debts for the purchase of sites at uneconomic prices. Builders hesitate to embark on speculations which cannot be remunerative if rents are to approximate to the means of those for whom the houses are intended. Wages, material, and ground rents will not permit of buildings being erected at rentals which even the present earnings of small householders can afford. Meanwhile the dearth of houses is producing this very effect by reason of the strenuous competition for the available accommodation. And so the vicious circle goes on widening. If the average family is to make both ends meet, the income must be expanded; if the breadwinner is to earn more, the extra money he receives must be added to the cost of what he produces.

The other two cases interact as inexorably as the rise in the scale of wages. Money has never been so plentiful as during these lean years of war. But two 'Bradburys' do not suffice to purchase what a gold coin of the realm would cover in pre-war times. The national credit has come through an unprecedented ordeal with astonishing success, but it has been sadly battered. A state, however rich in natural and acquired wealth, cannot water its capital to the extent of £7,000,000,000, and create no fresh assets to cover depreciation, without losing much of its solvency. The pound sterling is at a heavy discount, as regards its purchasing capacity, however bounteous may

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be the supply of its paper equivalent. And so when we gird at having to pay three guineas for a pair of boots that would have cost twenty-five shillings five years ago, we are merely deceiving ourselves by a conventional fiction: the cost of the boots has not really risen in that proportion intrinsically, but the exchange value of money has been shifted. It will not buy half as much as formerly. Moreover, there is not nearly so much to buy. Money is more plentiful than goods to purchase. The world's stocks have been steadily diminishing, while the labor of man has been diverted to the work of destruction. At a moment when every commodity is in demand for replacing wastage, there is a deficiency of supplies. And competition for any article which is scarce must of necessity send prices soaring. All Europe is wanting the same things at the same time, and each country is prepared to bid against the other for essentials. The only check upon this scramble is inability to pay for the goods.

Only one way out of the vicious circle lies open. The arrears of production must be overtaken by the concentrated effort of all classes. We must produce every requisite commodity on a scale never yet attempted: we must devise and establish new industries, and encourage enterprise. The fallacy of limiting output in the interests of organized labor must be recognized as the straight path to national bankruptcy, and the old party fetishes of Free Trade and Protection must be rejected in favor of fiscal principles based solely on expediency. The maximum production, however, will not in itself be enough unless it is accompanied by reduction of expenditure. It is within the province of each individual to contribute toward the rehabilitation of the state finances by personal economy and even sacrifice. The consumer will play his part no less than the producer, if he will restrict his expenditure, as far as is feasible, to those things which his own country can provide, and will do without those things which go to swell the national indebtedness to the foreigner. The only real wealth is in production, for finally money is represented by goods for which markets can be found. The grim determination with which the British people saw the war to its end must be applied to the coming period of recuperation, and if the same measure of endurance and self-abnegation is forthcoming the economic struggle will have a like termination. But not otherwise.

The Outlook

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TALK OF EUROPE

READERS may recall the gossip that used to be bandied about in the early years of the war concerning Mr. Asquith's social relations with a 'German spy.' Mr. Shortt, in a statement which did him credit, lately touched upon this case in Parliament. The famous 'spy' was a German woman, Caroline Hanemann by name, who in 1890 had entered the service of Mrs. Asquith's sister. She had never been in Downing Street except perhaps for a day or two in attendance on her mistress; she was never there as maid; her sponsors on naturalization were her mistress and a few Wiltshire gentlemen; and her denaturalization was not under the section which dealt with disaffection or disloyalty. Legitimate criticism of Mr. Asquith is one thing; innuendoes of this kind are quite another; and the House rightly showed its resentment of the suggestion — or, rather, the plain statement in Mr. Billing's case — that 'the late Prime Minister harbored a spy at 10 Downing Street.'

THERE is an amusing passage about Shakespeare and his actors in Mr. Maurice Baring's new volume of diminutive dramas. The actors, including the famous Burbage, behave most thoroughly in character, demanding opportunities, quarreling about words, suggesting cuts and alterations, getting the same lines wrong repeatedly.

Enter Mr. Burbage, who plays Macbeth

Mr. Burbage: That scene does n't go. Now don't you think Macbeth had better walk in his sleep instead of Lady Macbeth?

The Stage Manager: That's an idea.

The Producer: I think the whole scene might be cut. It's quite unnecessary.

Lady Macbeth: Then I shan't come on in the whole of the fifth act. If that scene 's cut I shan't play at all.

The Stage Manager: We're thinking of transferring the scene to Macbeth. (To the *Author*). It would n't need much altering. Would you mind rewriting that scene, Mr. Shakespeare? It would n't want much alteration. You'd have to change that line about Arabia. Instead of this 'little hand,' you might say, 'All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this horny hand.' I'm not sure it is n't more effective.

The Author: I'm afraid it might get a laugh.

Mr. Burbage: Not if I play it.

The Author: I think it's more likely that Lady Macbeth would walk in her sleep, but ——

This little episode should go most beautifully as a curtain-raiser.

THE EMOTIONS OF A DEMOBILIZED MAN

I DO not love this new civilian suit
Which o'er my boots effeminately flaps,
Nor close upon my neck with joy this band,
Stiff, pallid white, each day renewed, which binds
Me thrall-like Gurth the Swineherd to the dull
Small round of petty life, for I have worn
Heroic khaki, and have tasted rum,
The drink of warriors. Rum that came at dawn
After the night-long vigil in the trench,
While larks rose singing, and the gray-faced men
Stared at each other in the growing light,
And stamped their frozen feet, and said, 'By cripes
It's cold. I wonder when they 'll give stand down.'
No puny liquor spoiled by food control,
But liquid fire that coursed along the veins,
Fit drink for super-men. All that is passed.
One said romance brings up the 9.15.
Where is that station? But a year agone
Romance brought up all trains. It brooded there
Where leave trains left Victoria. With the stroke
Of an enchanter's wand transmogrified

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Into a fairy coach the cattle-truck
With room for forty *hommes* or eight *chevaux*.
Romance, like incense, rose in many a barn,
With smoke from fires in battered pails, where I
Slept with my mate close huddled in the straw,
Our blankets doubled 'gainst the biting cold.
'T was with us even on the flat of Ypres,
Lying soaked in shell-holes, beaten by the rain,
Watching the stretcher-bearers with their load
Of weary pain, toiling knee-deep in mud,
Far off to where a pill-box like a gray
Rock rose from a brown sea. And most of all
Romance went over with us at the dawn,
The barrage shrieking, tearing overhead,
Strings of dim khaki shapes in the iron-gray light,
Flitting like yellow ghosts on the black ground,
Strung tense with exaltation.
Romance was everywhere, it spiced the stew,
And lurked in folds of puttees, our tin hats
Linked us with Cæsar, Chandos, Lancelot.
And now we've won! Thank God! I used to think
The blinking war would never end, and now,
In memory's eye I see the column march
Between the trees along the straight white road,
The scabbards knocking thighs, the rifles slung,
And disappear. A fifty minutes' march
Then rest for tea, and sprawl upon the grass
With cigarettes in careless fellowship.
And I am here in my civilian suit,
Lonely and desolate.

E. T. Walton.

It was cold and gray, but the band on shore was playing, and the flags on shore were fluttering, and the long double-tiered wharf was crowded with welcomers in each of its open gaps, when our great ship slowly drew alongside, packed with cheering, chattering crowds of khaki figures, letting go all the pent-up excitement of getting home from the war. Songs and laughter, cheers, and shouted questions, hooting of the launches' sirens, flutter of flags and hands and handkerchiefs, faces of old women, of girls, intent, expectant, the white gulls floating against the gray sky, and our ship, listed slightly by those thousands of figures straining toward the land which had bred them, gently slurred up against the high wharf, and was made fast.

The landing went on till night had long fallen, and the band was gone. At last the chatter, the words of command, the snatches of song, and that most favorite chorus: 'Me! Me! Me and my girl!' died away, and the wharf was silent and the ship silent, and a wonderful clear dark beauty usurped the gray spaces of the sky. By the light of the stars and a half moon the far harbor shores were just visible, and the huddled buildings on the near shore, and the spiring masts and feathery appanage of ropes on the moored ship, and one blood-red light above the black water. The night had all that breathless beauty which steeps the soul in quivering, quiet rapture.

Then it was that, clearly, as if I had been a welcomer standing on land in one of the wharf gaps, I saw her come — slow, slow, creeping up the narrow channel, in beside the wharf, a great gray silent ship. At first I thought her utterly empty, deserted, possessed only by the thick coiled cables forward, the huge rusty anchors, the piled-up machinery of structure and funnel and mast, weird in the blue darkness. A lantern on the wharf cast a bobbing golden gleam deep into the oily water at her side. Gun-gray, perfectly mute, she ceased to move, coming to rest against the wharf. And then, with a shiver, I saw that something clung round her, a gray film or emanation, which shifted and hovered, like the invisible wings of birds in a thick mist. Gradually to my straining eyes that filmy emanation granulated, and became faces attached to gray filmy forms, thousands on thousands, and every face bent toward the shore, staring, as it seemed, through me, at all that was behind me. Slowly, very slowly, I made them out — faces of hel-

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meted soldiers, bulky with the gear of battle, their arms outstretched, and the lips of every face opened, so that one expected to hear the sound of cheering; but there came no sound. Now I could see their eyes. They seemed to beseech — like the eyes of a little eager boy who asks his mother something she cannot tell him; and their outstretched hands seemed trying to reach her, lovingly, desperately trying to reach her! And those opened lips, how terribly they seemed trying to speak! 'Mother! Mother Canada!' As if I had heard, I knew they were saying — those opened lips which could speak no more! 'Mother! Mother Canada! Home! Home!'

And then away down the wharf the chanted words: 'Me! Me! Me and my girl!' jingled out. And, silent as she had come, the muffled ship vanished in all her length, with those gray forms and those mute faces; and I was standing again in the bows beside a huge hawser; below me the golden gleam bobbing deep in the oily water, and above me the cold stars in beauty shining.

John Galsworthy.

A STRONG appeal for the Ruskin College, the well-known working-class college at Oxford, is issued over the signatures of Mr A. J. Balfour, Mr. George N. Barnes, Lord Robert Cecil, Mr. J. R. Clynes, Sir Auckland Geddes, Mr. D. Lloyd George, Sir R. S. Horne, Miss Mary Macarthur, Miss Violet Markham, Dr. Charles Gore (late Bishop of Oxford), Dr. W. B. Selbie, Mr. D. J. Shackleton, and Mr. Arthur Henderson.

Ruskin College is the only residential college of its kind in the country. Its purpose is the provision of education for adult members of the working class in history, economics, political science, literature, and other branches of the social sciences. It was founded just twenty years ago, and has grown up from very small beginnings. Some 600 students have passed through the college during the 15 years which preceded the outbreak of the war, and more than 10,000 men and women have taken advantage of courses of study carried on by correspondence.

The college has always been hampered in its work by the uncertainty of its financial position, and if it is to take its true place in the educational life of the nation, it is obvious that it must be placed permanently on a sound financial basis. After taking into consideration every possible economy that is compatible with efficiency, the council have reached the conclusion that the college cannot be adequately maintained on an income of less than £4,000 a year. Some portion of the scholarship fees will be available toward the maintenance of the college, after defraying the cost of the students' board, but allowing for this, a guaranteed minimum income of at least half the £4,000 — £2,000 a year — is required in order to secure a grant from the Board of Education. The only satisfactory way in which this can be obtained is by an endowment of £40,000.

In addition, there is a scheme for a women's hostel. A sum of £10,000 will be sufficient not only to establish the hostel, but to provide it with an income which, with scholarships granted by the labor bodies by whom the students will be sent, should make it self-supporting.

Further, it is hoped that at an early date it may be found possible to complete the college buildings and provide accommodation for 100 men students. There is now only room for 50. In 1913 the first half of a building scheme was carried out, at a cost of some £12,000, and it is estimated that its completion would now cost another £20,000. In addition, at the outbreak of the war the college was unfortunately left with a debt of £6,000 on the buildings already erected.

The signatories to the appeal, after a most careful consideration of the facts laid before them, fully concur in the conclusion reached by the council that a sum of £76,000 is the minimum required to place Ruskin College on a sound financial basis. This sum is made up as follows: Maintenance endowment, £40,000; establishment and endowment of women's hostel, £10,000; extinction of debt, £6,000; completion of building scheme, £20,000.

There is a genuine demand by labor for higher education. Of this ample evidence may be found in the resolutions passed year after year by the Trades Union Congress, the Coöperative Congress, and the labor

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party, in the work done all over the country by University Tutorial Classes and the Workers' Educational Association, and in the work that Ruskin College itself has been able to do during the past 20 years. The signatories are confident that the college, if adequately supported, can help to supply this demand efficiently, and in such a way as to have an influence for good on the future development of the labor movement.

All contributions should be sent to the Right Honorable C. W. Bowerman, M.P., 32 Eccleston Square, London, S.W. 1.

In the July number of the *Landmark*, the valuable magazine of the English-Speaking Union, Miss Winifride Wrench tells the story of the return of Bradford's *History of Plymouth*, as the British recall it. After speaking of the disappearance of the manuscript, Miss Wrench continues:

'The years passed, and then one day, three quarters of a century later, a scholar happening to go into a bookshop in Boston, picked up a book lying on the counter before him. It bore the unalluring title of *The History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America*, by Samuel Wilberforce, afterwards Bishop of Winchester. But to Thornton, an antiquary, the subject was of deep interest; he glanced through the pages, reading a paragraph here and there, when suddenly a casual reference by the autho to a "manuscript history of Plymouth in the Fulham Palace Library" gripped his attention, and buying the book he hurried from the shop to his office where he left it for his friend Barry, the historian, to look at. They both agreed that the quotation might refer to Bradford's manuscript, and consulted Charles Deane, who in his turn wrote to Joseph Hunter, a recognized authority in Great Britain on all matters relating to the history of New England; he, armed with an original letter of Bradford's, visited the Library at Fulham Palace and identified the manuscript with the original volume penned by the hand of the "great leader and founder of America," William Bradford, some two hundred years earlier.

'But how came it that the manuscript should have been deposited in the Library of the Bishops of London? The solution is to be found in the fact that up till "the Declaration of Independence, New England was for ecclesiastical purposes in the Diocese of London, and that it had been the practice to transmit from the colonies and from foreign parts certificates of the marriages, births, and deaths of British subjects to the Bishop of London's Registry, for safe custody and reference in this country." At the end of the manuscript there is an authentic register, between the years 1620 and 1650, of the names, births, deaths, and marriages of the members of the Plymouth Colony, such records in this country always being in the custody of the church. The transference for ecclesiastical purposes, therefore, seems fairly clear.

'It was one thing, however, to know at last where the precious document lay and quite another to regain possession of it. Tentative attempts were made in 1860, in 1869, and again in 1881, but without avail, the reason given being that the removal of the volume would necessitate an Act of Parliament. A delightful description of the transactions describing the ultimate restoration of the manuscript can be read in a small volume entitled, *An Account of the Part Taken by the American Antiquarian Society in the Return of the Bradford Manuscript to America*, which does credit to all concerned on both sides of the Atlantic.

'The fates from the beginning were kind to Senator Hoar, the moving spirit throughout; in 1896 he went to England, and succeeded in seeing Bishop Temple, who received him at Fulham Palace with the coveted volume in his hand. He was a man, writes Hoar, "who was capable of understanding and respecting the deep and holy sentiments which a compliance with our desire was to gratify." He, too, felt that the volume should be returned, yet he was surprised at so great a store being set by it, for the Senator tells us he found it necessary to plead that "if there were in existence a manuscript history in the handwriting of King Alfred of his own reign and of the conflict with the Danes, in which he was leader, it could hardly be more precious to Englishmen than this manuscript is to Americans." The Bishop spoke to the Queen, and to the Archbishop

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of Canterbury. Shortly afterwards he himself became Archbishop, Dr. Creighton succeeding him as Bishop of London. Nothing could have been more propitious, for Creighton, an eminent historian, was also cordially disposed toward America, having visited that country as delegate from Emmanuel College for the 250th anniversary of Harvard University. But good will alone was not sufficient: according to English habit a precedent had to be discovered; happily one existed in the case of Napoleon I's will, and the way, therefore, being clear, the Bishop's chancellor was consulted, who decided, first, "that as the document contained a register of marriages, births, and deaths, it ought to be kept in the registry of the chancellor of the diocese. It was, therefore, given into the chancellor's keeping, who then held a consistory court, at which he made a formal order to hand over the manuscript to Mr. Bayard," America's first ambassador to the Court of St. James.'

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Mr. J. L. Garvin is the editor of the *Observer*, and the author of the widely discussed study, *The Economic Foundations of Peace*. Mr. Garvin's wide knowledge and judicial temper particularly fit him to make a study of the present discontents.

* * *

Professor Ludwig Quidde is attached to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Bayreuth.

* * *

Mr. Richard Henry Walthew is Music Professor at Queen's College and Guildhall School of Music.

* * *

Mr. James Andrew Strahan is Professor of Jurisprudence at the University of Belfast.

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THE APE

BY W. J. TURNER

The trees dream all night on the tops
of the hills,
The ghostly water a dark hollow fills,
Its long white shadow falling through
the trees
Where the Ape squats silent, his hands
on his knees.

The white shadow shines in that small
dim mind;
The Moon travels there; the star
hordes wind
With pin-head lamps through the dark,
dark blue
Where faint, cloud-like thoughts col-
lect and pursue.

The scent of the forest, the rippling
streams;
The butterflies flitting through the
shaking tree dreams;
The twittering of birds and the smell
of carrion;
The pale morning sky and the roar of
a lion.

I see and I hear, I awake in the night,
And the Asian forests are dark in my
sight,
With slow bright patches in the drift-
ing gloom
Where Stars, Sun, and Moon sound-
lessly bloom.

The Sun hangs low, a great, dim
flower,
A bloom without stalk; and hour by
hour
The sharp cries of birds and the
shrieks of the slain
Are tearing the quiet with bright
gashes of pain:

And that Flower bleeds out, wildly
staining the sky;
And the lions roar to see the day-
flower die —
They roar together on the tops of the
hills
While with little pale blossoms the
dark sky fills.

In the gloom under heaven, clasping
my knees —
That long white shadow still falling
through the trees,
The lions roaring their music in my
brain —
Alone on that boulder I am sitting
once again.

The Owl

GHOST-RADDLED

BY ROBERT GRAVES

'Come, surly fellow, come! A song!'
'What, madmen? Sing to you?
Choose from the clouded tales of
wrong
And terror I bring to you.

'Of a night so torn with cries,
Honest men sleeping
Start awake with glaring eyes,
Bone chilled, flesh creeping.

'Of spirits in the web-hung room
Up above the stable,
Groans, knockings in the gloom
The dancing table.

'Of demons in the dry well
That cheep and mutter,
Clanging of an unseen bell,
Blood, choking the gutter.

'Of lust, frightful, past belief,
Lurking unforgotten,
Unrestrainable, endless grief
From breasts long rotten.

'A song? What laughter or what song
Can this house remember?
Do flowers and butterflies belong
To a blind December?'

The Owl

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